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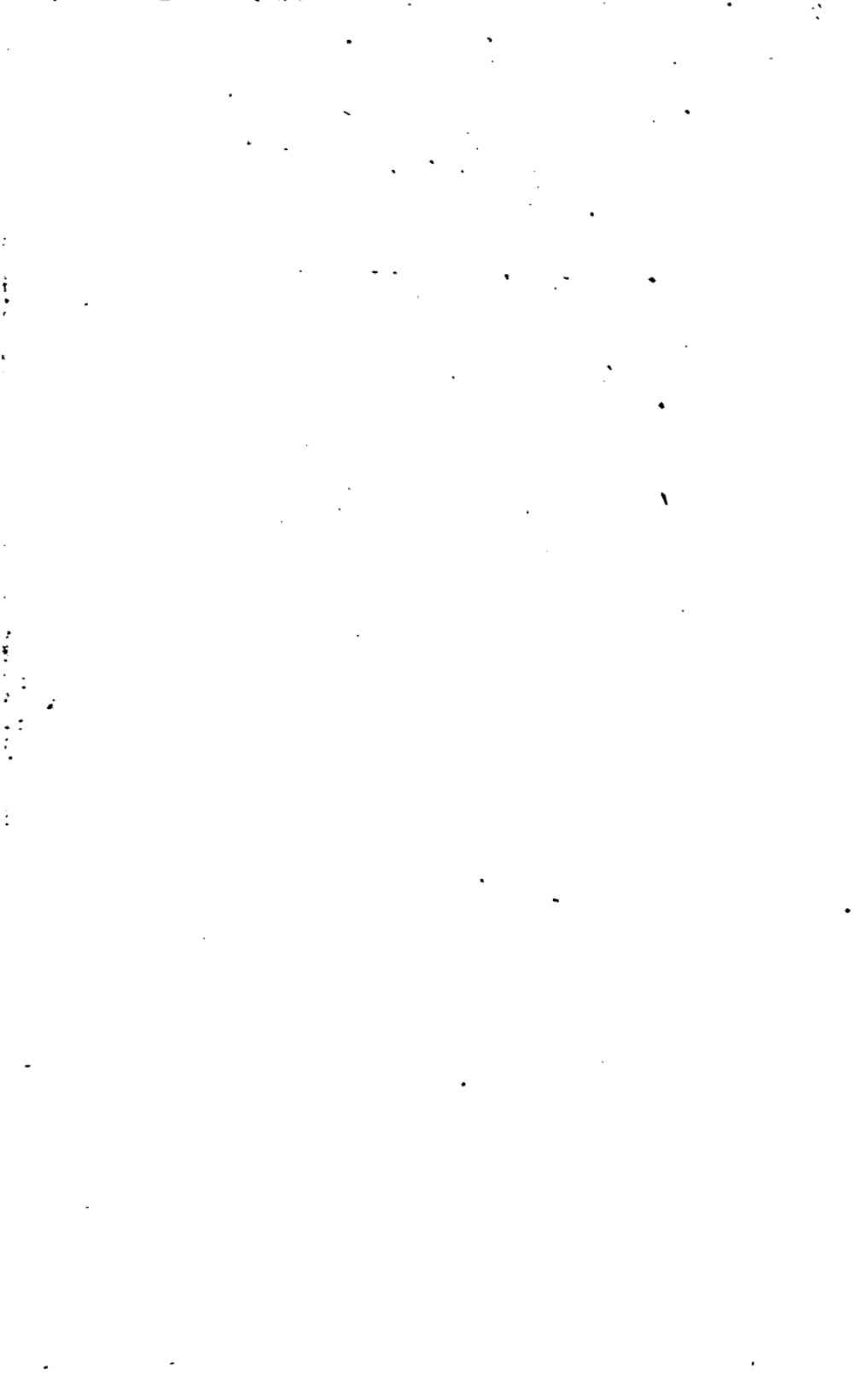
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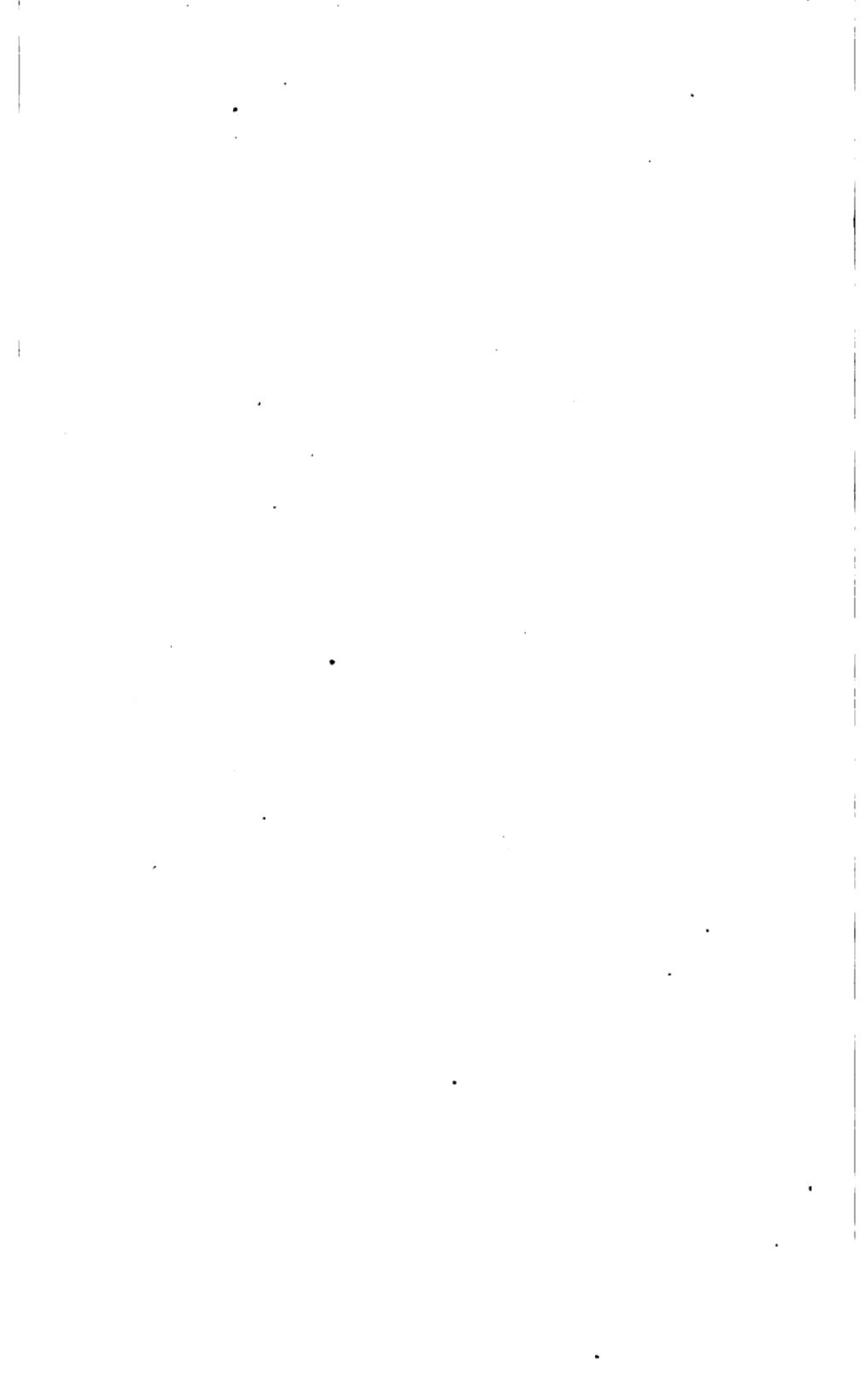
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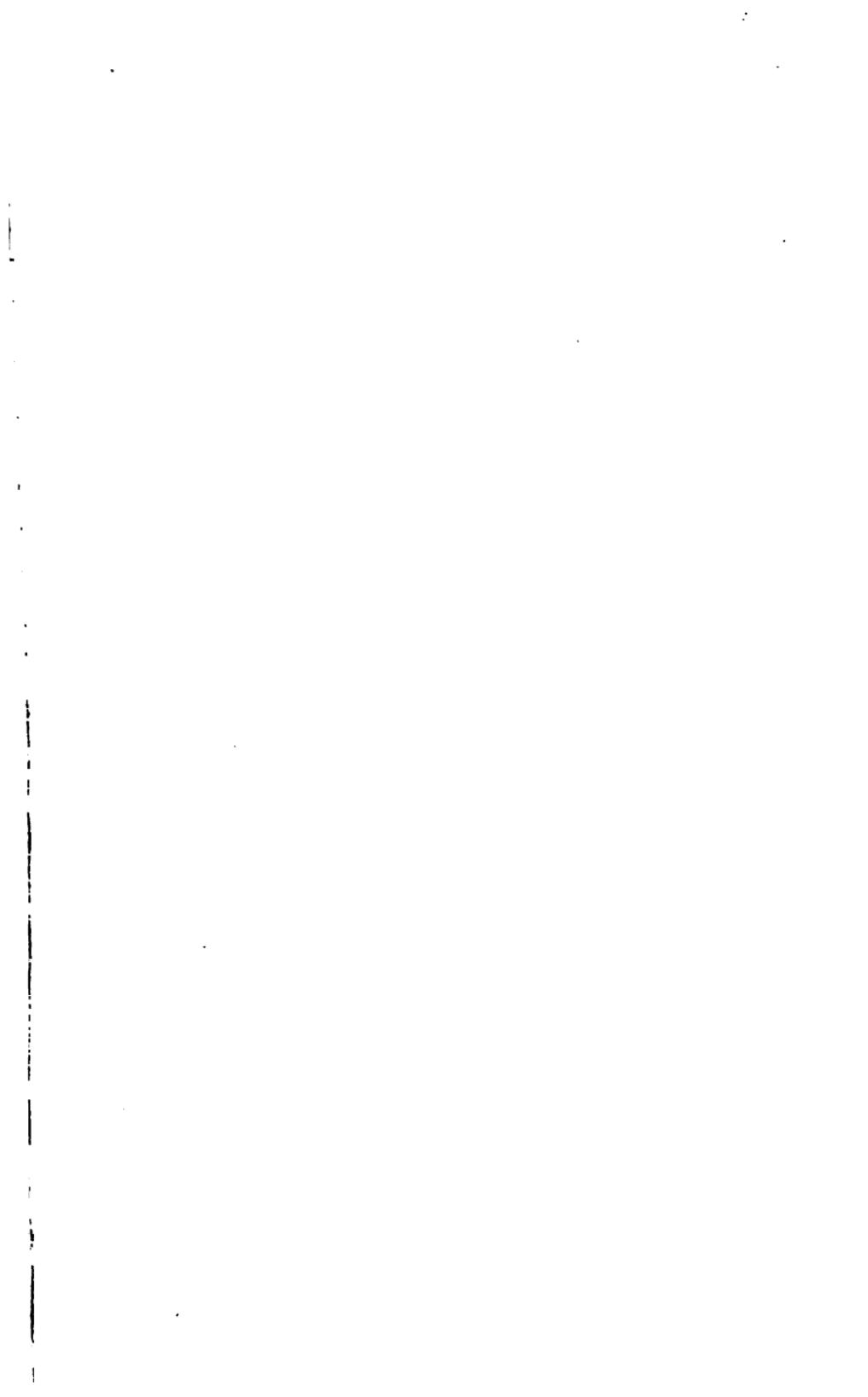


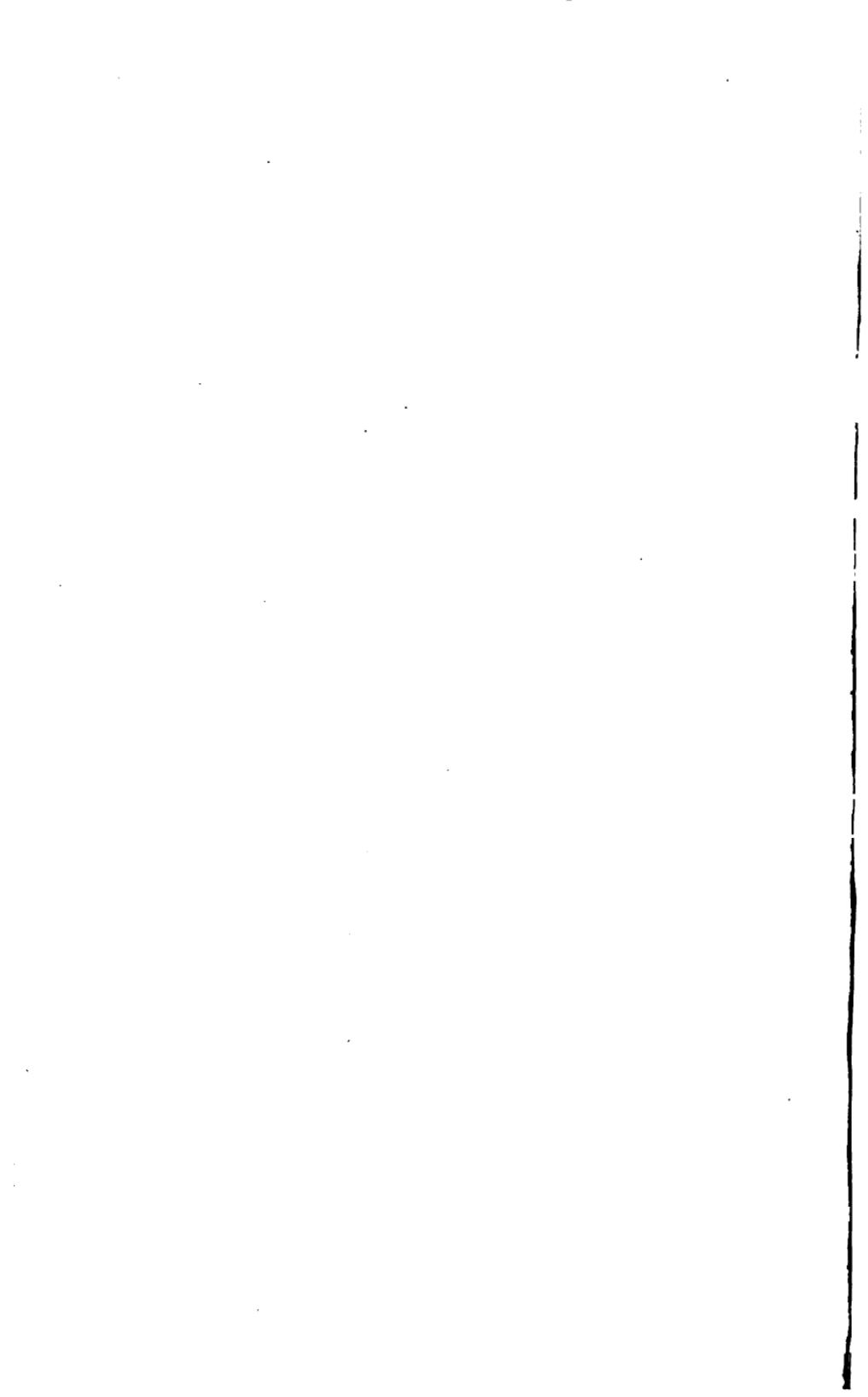
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Markle.

1906

212

1853 I don't know what this has to do with this book!

DEATH OF LORD DACRE.—The death of General Lord Dacre took place on the 2nd inst. His lordship, who was the twenty-first peer, and succeeded his brother about three years since, was born in 1777, entered the army at a very early age, married in 1806 a daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dean Crosbie, and by her leaves issue, the eldest of whom, the Hon. Thomas Brand, late M.P. for Hertfordshire, succeeds to the title. Lord Dacre was a very distinguished officer. He served in Flanders in 1793, 1794, 1795, and at Copenhagen in 1807. He was in the Peninsula with the 1st battalion of the Coldstream Guards from 1808 to 1812, with a slight intermission; he commanded the regiment at the battle of Salamanca, for which he received the gold medal. He also had the silver medal for his services at Talavera, Busaco, and Salamanca. By his lordship's death the Colonelcy of the 31st Regiment is placed at the disposal of Lord Hardinge.

T H R E E Y E A R S

WITH

THE DUKE

OR

Arthur Wellesley

WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE.

BY

AN EX-AID-DE-CAMP.

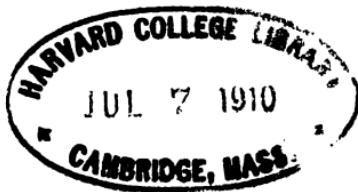
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TO

FIELD MARSHAL

HENRY WILLIAM, MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY,

K.G. G.C.B. G.C.H.

WHOSE DARING DEEDS CONTRIBUTED SO ESSENTIALLY TO
THE VICTORY OF

S A H A G U N,

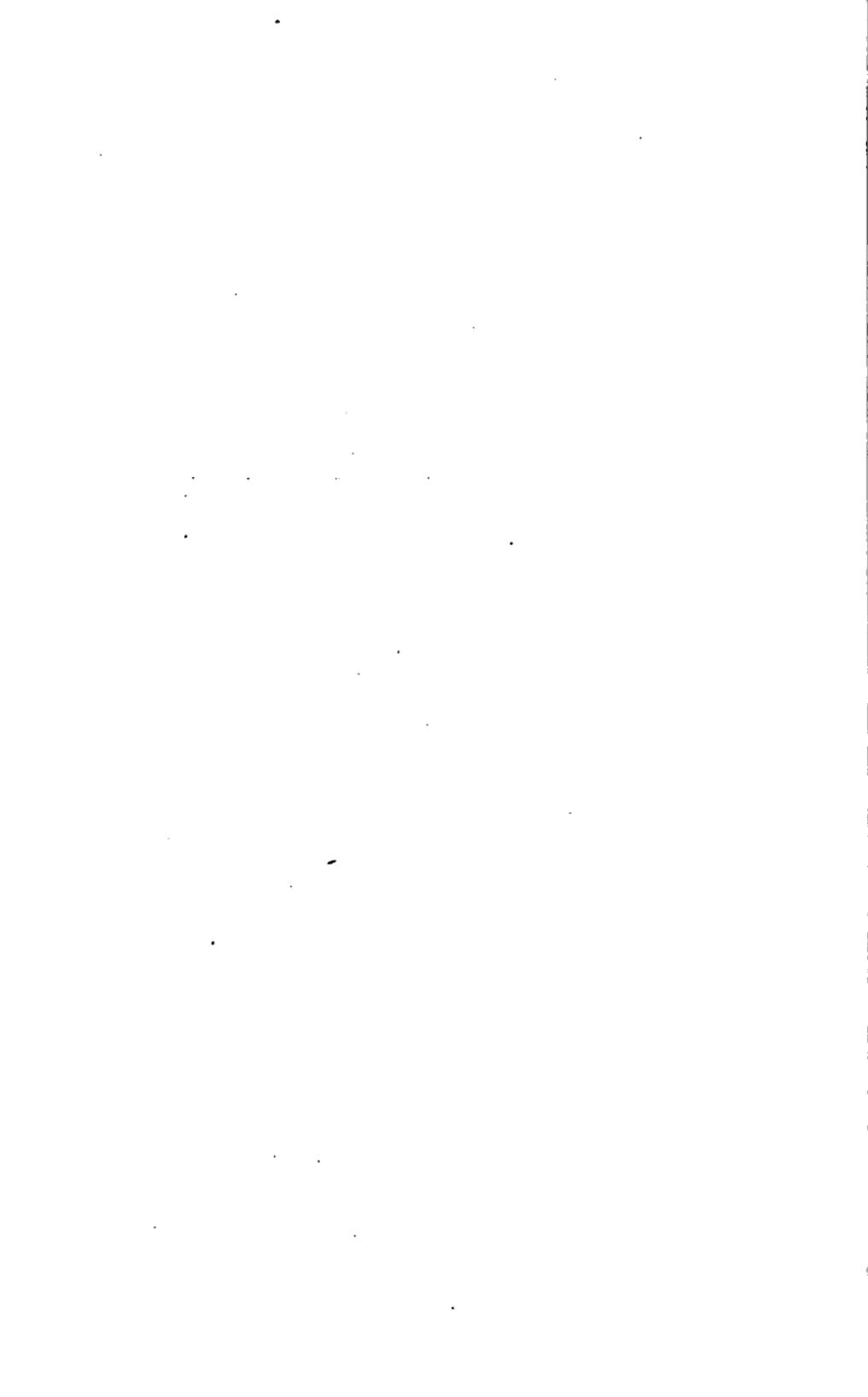
AND WHOSE NAME IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
GLORIES OF

W A T E R L O O,

THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,

Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.



THREE YEARS WITH THE DUKE.

CHAPTER I.

The Duke of Wellington appointed ambassador to the court of France—Enthusiasm of the populace when an accident befel his Grace's carriage at Brentford—He dines and sleeps at Coombe Wood—Reaches Dover—Embarks at Deal, on board the Griffon sloop of war, for Ostend—Compelled to put in at Bergen-op-Zoom—Visits the scene of the action—Antwerp.

IT was early in the month of August, 1814, I received the gratifying intelligence that I was to accompany the Duke of Wellington to Paris, where he had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. As at that period I had not numbered fifteen summers, it may easily be imagined how delighted

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I was, not only to find myself appointed an unpaid *attaché* to the embassy, but with the thoughts of visiting foreign countries under such auspices.

The season had been one of the greatest gaiety. Napoleon had abdicated the throne of the world—the Bourbons had been restored—Louis XVIII. had quitted England—the warehouse for bonded sovereigns (as it has been called)—“to relieve France,” so wrote Berthier, “from the weight of misfortunes under which she had for five-and-twenty years been groaning.” Kings, emperors, princes, potentates, had flocked to London, which was thronged with the votaries of fashion and pleasure. *Fêtes*, operas, balls, masquerades, illuminations, naval and military reviews, formed the order of the day and night. Everybody was driving out, dining out, supping out, hunting the royal and imperial lions and tigers.—But to the hero of this subject.

Upon the 6th of August, having had previous notice to hold myself in preparation, I

received orders to be with the Duke the following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Need I say, that punctually at that hour I drove up to the door of his Grace's temporary residence, in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly? I was ushered into his presence, and there saw the great conqueror seated at his writing-table, placing some manuscripts in a large despatch-box. The room was strewed with covers of letters, printed forms, and papers. After a most kind and gracious reception, the Duke desired me to order the carriage round at three o'clock; and then proceeded to arrange his documents, give his directions, and make preparations for his departure. At half-past ten o'clock in the morning of this day (Sunday), the Duke had been honoured by an audience with the Prince Regent, and had remained nearly an hour with his Royal Highness. Upon the previous day, his Grace, after reviewing his regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), and dining with the officers, had a narrow escape from a serious accident. In driving through

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Brentford, upon his return to London, about nine o'clock at night, the lynch-pin came out of the fore-wheel of his carriage, by which it was nearly upset. In consequence of this, he was detained at Brentford until the damage was repaired; and it was with some difficulty that he could prevail on the populace to relinquish their desire of drawing him to the metropolis.

As the clock was about to strike three, upon the Sunday I have before alluded to, the Duke rose from his chair, and, having previously taken leave of those relations and friends there assembled, walked to the door of his carriage. In less time than I can take to record it, my brother *attaché*, an officer of great distinction, and myself, had followed the warrior, and were seated opposite to him. The servants had mounted the rumble; and the carriage, a perfectly plain one, drove off, with four good posters, on the road to Coombe Wood, where the Duke and ourselves were to dine and sleep.

The Earl of Liverpool was in waiting to

receive his Grace, and a small party were assembled for dinner. Nothing could exceed the good-humour and affability of the great man, who told anecdotes of the late war, laughed, jested, and kept the whole company in a state of delight. At an early hour next morning, we left for Dover. The Duke was received everywhere on the road with the highest enthusiasm ; the gathering multitude pressing, clinging, struggling around the carriage at every change of horses. In the language of Southey—"The people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero—of England."

At three o'clock, a salute from the batteries announced the arrival of Wellington at Dover. He alighted at Wright's Hotel and Ship Inn, and partook of some refreshment; but, finding that the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-south-west, and the weather too rough to embark at that port, his Grace proceeded on to Deal, about five o'clock. Vice-Admiral Foley preceded

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the Duke about an hour, in order to give the necessary directions for his reception on board the Griffon, sloop of war, Captain Hewson.

Upon reaching Deal, where his Grace was received by all ranks with every demonstration of joy and respect, we found the Vice-Admiral in waiting; and, accompanied by that gallant officer, and a great concourse of the inhabitants, we proceeded to the boat prepared to take us off to the ship. Here again the Duke was heartily cheered.

No sooner were we on board the Griffon than she got under weigh, and, with a strong wind, steered for Ostend.

There was nothing peculiarly attractive about the Griffon, although there was a circumstance connected with this vessel which had not escaped the acuteness of Wellington, and to which he referred; namely, that in 1813 a malicious rumour had found its way into the newspapers, stating the mutiny of the crew, and the carrying of her into the port of Boulogne.

This led to a letter, addressed by the crew to their commander:—

H. M. S. GRIFFON,
DUNGENESS, *January 6, 1813.*

SIR,

A report of a most disagreeable nature having been circulated, greatly to our disadvantage, in representing us as having "taken H. M. S. Griffon from our officers, and carried her into Boulogne,"—we, the petty officers, seamen, and marines of the said sloop, most humbly beg to represent that, far from having any cause of discontent either with our captain or officers, we feel obliged to them for their lenity during the present short-handed state of the vessel ; and hope it will please the Commander-in-chief, or the Lords of the Admiralty, to prosecute the author of so scandalous and malicious a report, tending so greatly to our prejudice, and that of the service.

We remain,

Honoured SIR,

Your most obedt. humble Servts.,

(Signed by the whole Ship's company.)

To GEORGE TROLLOPE, Esq.,
Captain of H.M.S. Griffon.

In recording this portion of the career of Wellington, the following extract from the

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log of the ship in which he and his suite embarked, will tend to illustrate what occurred on their crossing the Channel:—

H. M. S. GRIFFON,

MONDAY, *August 8, 1814.*

A.M. Strong winds and squally weather; at 9, weighed, and made sail under the courses and close reef topsails; at noon, strong gales and clear weather. P.M. Strong gales and cloudy; at 2.30, bore up; at 3.30, sent the gig on shore to Dover; at 5, gig returned, filled Wind and made sail for the Downs; at 5.30, W.S.W. shortened sail, and came to, (small bower,) Walmer Mill, on the west end of the hospital; at 6, answered telegraph made by "Monmouth;" at 6.20, embarked the Duke of Wellington and suite for Ostend, fired a salute of fifteen guns; at 7.30, weighed and made sail; at 9, North Foreland Light, N.W., North Sandhead Light S. by W.; at 12, fresh gales and clear.

August 9, 1814.

A.M. Fresh breezes and cloudy; at 1.30, hove to; at 1.50, filled; at 3.30, bore up for the Room-

pot ; at 4, watch up topgallant yards, sounded every half-hour—lost by accident one head and hand line—strong gales and cloudy ; at 7.30, made the land ; at 8.30, West Cappell S.S.E., distance 8 or 9 miles, strong gales and cloudy weather, attended with heavy squalls ; at 10, made signal for pilot with several guns ; at noon, strong gales and cloudy.

P.M. Strong gales and cloudy weather : at 1, hove to, close by Zierekzee Pier Head, sent the boat on shore for a pilot ; at 2, gig returned with a pilot, made sail ; at 5, shortened sail and came to, moored ship at Bergen-op-Zoom ; at 6, disembarked the Duke of Wellington and suite, cheered, and fired a salute of 15 guns.

On arriving at Bergen-op-Zoom, the Duke witnessed the scene of that untoward and fatal enterprise, under Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), wherein Skerret, the intrepid defender of Tarifa, led the attack and fell ; as also Gore, Mercer, Carlton, and M'Donald ; where three hundred were killed, and eighteen hundred were wounded ; and which attack, although it

promised at the onset complete success, failed in the end from the loss of the principal officers of the right column, which caused it to fall into disorder, and from the left column being weakened by a loss of the detachment of the guards, cut off by the enemy.

It was with the deepest interest that Wellington inspected the town and fortress: his Grace examined minutely the different points at which the gallant Graham had attempted to carry the place by storm; he saw the spot between the Antwerp and Water-Port gates, where Cooke, despite of the difficulty of passing the ditch, on account of the ice, succeeded in establishing his column on the ramparts; he stopped opposite the Stenbergen Gate, where the feint attack was to be made by the third column.

He paused for some time to the right of the New Gate, where the second column, under Colonel Morrice, was compelled, from the heavy fire of the enemy, to retire; but the point that seemed to attract the all-

absorbing attention of the Duke, was at the entrance of the harbour, fordable alone at low water. Here the right column, under Skerret and Gore, had forced their way into the body of the place; but the death of the latter, and the severe wounds of the former, had (as has been stated) caused the troops under their command to fall into disorder, and to suffer a great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The whole road from Bergen-op-Zoom to Antwerp was a scene of the greatest gaiety; “the bees had expelled the bear that broke open their hive.” “Orange Boven!” was shouted everywhere; the bluff burghers were puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes.

On the 10th, the Duke arrived at Antwerp. As he was in plain clothes, he was not immediately recognised; but the moment he was discovered, he was very much cheered, especially by the English. His Grace shook hands most cordially with many of his fair countrywomen.

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On the 11th, he visited the dockyard and arsenal; and, about one o'clock, having previously seen the cathedral, set out for Brussels.

CHAPTER II.

The Duke's arrival at Brussels—The Prince of Orange —Fête given by Lord Clancarty—Palace of Laaken—Disappointment at the theatre — Mrs. Jordan — Kemble — Catalani's concert — Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs—False reports in the English newspapers —Tour of inspection : Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Tournay, Courtrai, Menin, Ypres, Furnes, Nieuport.

IT was a most gratifying sight to see the young and gallant Prince of Orange (late King of Holland), who had served in the Peninsula as aid-de-camp to the great Duke, welcome his former chief to the country to which he had been so lately restored.

On the night of Wellington's arrival in Brussels, he went to the theatre, and occupied the box of the Sovereign Prince. Notwithstanding his unassuming exterior, he

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was soon recognised, and the orchestra played patriotic English and Dutch airs.

On the 12th, the Duke was present at the grand *fête* given by Lord Clancarty, in honour of the Regent's birthday; at least four hundred persons were present. In the morning, there was a superb parade of the English guards and artillery, and the Hanoverian and Belgian regiments. The Duke and the Hereditary Prince of Orange, with a brilliant staff, passed the regiments in review.

During our *séjour* here, large dinners at court, parties *en petite comité* at the royal palace of Laaken, balls, "gentlemen riders'" races, plays, alternately occupied and beguiled our time delightfully.

The theatre in the Park was opened, under the management of Mr. Penley, with a company of English players. The comedy of *John Bull* was the first performance, and attracted a most crowded and fashionable audience. Throughout the day, it had been hinted at the box-office, that the Duke of Wel-

lington would probably attend the evening's performance, and a private box had been kept back under this hope. The Duke's avocations, however, prevented his making his appearance upon this occasion, as he had already informed the manager, when asked to patronise the play. This nearly led to a ludicrous mistake—a young officer and myself had been dining in company with the Duke, and, with that good-nature and consideration for which he was famed, he gave us permission to attend the theatre, telling us we might take his carriage after it had set him down. Upon reaching the Park, the carriage was recognised, and a crowd immediately followed it. As we gained the entrance of the theatre, the name of Wellington rent the air. This was communicated to the manager, who thrust his head out from behind the curtain, to give a signal to the leader of the band to play, "See the conquering hero comes!" The report spread like wildfire. The performances ceased—all eyes were anxiously fixed on the vacant box.

In the meantime, we had jumped out of the carriage, had tendered our money, and were surprised at the obsequiousness of the box-keeper, who, thinking we were the precursors of the Duke, begged us to walk into the lobby. The manager, or some official personage, had rushed into the private box to prepare the seats, and there awaited the welcome visiter. We now began to see the mistake that we had unwittingly caused; and, anxious to explain it, we approached the now open box-door. No sooner were our uniforms visible, than the band struck up the heart-stirring melody. In vain did we try to correct the error: the audience had risen, *en masse*; shouts re-echoed throughout the house; the curtain was drawn up, and the company came forward to sing the national song of "God save the King:" but no Duke of Wellington appeared.

For some minutes the cheers continued, when at length it was announced from the stage, that a slight mistake had occurred—that the avocations of the noble Duke had

prevented his attendance; and, after the excitement had a little subsided, my young friend and myself sneaked quietly into the box, placing ourselves behind the curtain, fearful of calling the attention of the public to two mere urchins, who so unintentionally had nearly received the honours due to their chief.

A few days after our arrival, the talented daughter of Thalia, Mrs. Jordan, arrived in Brussels on a tour of pleasure; and, no sooner was it known, than she was petitioned to perform for a few nights at the theatre. To this she assented; and, within an hour after the announcement of this lady in *Violante*, not a place was to be had for either of the three nights of her performance. In the course of the same month, Kemble honoured those boards, and attracted a brilliant house in *Hamlet*.

A most interesting ceremony took place at Brussels, when the Hereditary Prince of Orange was invested with the Order of the Bath. Lord Castlereagh, in presenting the

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insignia to his Royal Highness, addressed him in a very appropriate speech, in which he dwelt with admiration upon his conduct in Spain; and added a confident assurance, that the same zeal would be displayed by him in his own “vaterland,” should its safety, or the repose of Europe, be endangered.

Within ten months, the battle of Waterloo afforded the Prince an opportunity of evincing his zeal, where this gallant soldier covered himself with glory, and proved that the lessons he had learned, when upon the staff of the *Vainqueur des Vainqueurs*, had not been forgotten by him. To add to the gaiety of Brussels, the kind, open-hearted, affable Duke of Cambridge was present, regulating the arrival of a large Hanoverian army, which was to be stationed in the Netherlands. The talented authoress of “Evelina” gives the following graphic description of the Duke:—

“Our last entertainment here was a concert, in the public and fine room appropriated for music or dancing. The celebrated

Madame Catalani had a benefit, at which the Queen of the Netherlands was present—not, however, in state, though not incognita; and the king of Warriors, Marshal Lord Wellington, surrounded by his staff, and all the officers and first persons here, whether Belgians, Prussians, Hanoverians, or English. I looked at Lord Wellington watchfully, and was charmed with every turn of his countenance, with his noble and singular physiognomy, and his eagle eye. He was gay even to sportiveness all the evening, conversing with the officers around him. He never was seated, not even for a moment, though I saw seats vacated to offer to him frequently. He seemed enthusiastically charmed with Catalani, ardently applauding whatever she sang, except the Rule Britannia; and then, with sagacious reserve, he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it, I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in every country, but our own, to give out a chorus of 'Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!'

“And, when an *encore* began to be vociferated from his officers, he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation; and thus offered me an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious domain, when occasion might call for the transformation.”

During the Duke’s stay at Brussels, the following paragraph went the round of the English press, much to the amusement of his Grace, who laughed heartily at the plans proposed for him, and which had never even entered his own imagination:—“It seems as if the Duke of Wellington’s embassy to Paris were not to be of long duration. His Grace has taken Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond’s seat in Sussex, for three years, during which time the latter intends to remain in France.”

As there was no foundation whatever for this statement, the Government newspapers of the day shortly afterwards contradicted it by authority; and the fact of his Grace’s

numerous establishment of servants, carriages, and horses, sailing on the 14th of this month, in a transport, from Dover to Calais, entirely removed the impression that the previous announcement had made upon the minds of the *gobe mouches* of London.

Another paragraph, equally devoid of correctness, appeared in the popular evening paper of that day, announcing that, "the Duchess of Wellington had left London on Wednesday, the 10th of August, in a travelling-carriage and six, attended by some of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), for Dover, on her way to Paris."

This absurd statement of the carriage and six!—and a military escort!—for a lady not of the royal family, remained uncontradicted. It was not until the 7th October that the Duchess landed at Calais.

To return to the Duke, who, on the 17th, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange, visited Namur to examine the situation of that city, and the remains of the works, as well as the fort

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upon the hill, at the conflux of the Sambre and Meuse.

The Prince and “the hero of a hundred fights” were received with inconceivable joy. The Dutch garrison, with the commandant, General Stedman, at their head, were under arms. The people took the horses from the carriage, and drew it, amidst the loudest acclamations, amid the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, to the hotel. The Hereditary Prince and the Duke employed two days examining this place, accompanied by some officers of the English Engineers. From Namur, the Duke and the Prince of Orange proceeded to Charleroi, Mons, Tournay, Courtrai, Menin, Ypres, Furnes, and Nieuport.

His Grace’s presence in the Netherlands was viewed with jealousy by France, for he was actively employed in giving advice with respect to the fortifications, and suggesting measures for strengthening that formidable line, which was to form a barrier on the French frontier from Namur to the ocean.

This line, embracing the above-mentioned towns, was parallel with that of French fortresses, which, extending from Philippeville, runs through Maubeuge, Valenciennes, Lisle, and Capelle, to Dunkirk. Hence these fortresses were to be kept in check, and any sudden attack upon the Netherlands was rendered difficult, if not impracticable.

CHAPTER III.

Paris—Presentation of the Duke to Louis XVIII.—Wellington's speech to the king on giving his credentials—Reply—Ney (Prince of the Moskowa) hunts with his rival warrior in the Bois-de-Boulogne—Review of the National Guard in the Champ-de-Mars—The royal hounds at Grosbois — Rambouillet — Versailles — Château of Chantilly—Forest of Fontainbleau—Stag hunt—The palace described.

ON the 23rd, the Duke reached Paris, and took possession of the Hotel Borghese, *Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré*, formerly the residence of the beautiful princess of that name,* and upon the following day was pre-

* The price agreed upon for the Borghese palace was 800,000 francs, 500,000 for the house, and 300,000 for the furniture, with an additional 61,500 for the stables, part of that sum being for repairs, and additional coach-houses. In a letter to W. Hamilton, Esq., the duke wrote as follows:—"I should certainly have willingly

sented in great state to Louis XVIII. and the royal family. A description of the ceremony that took place upon that occasion may not be uninteresting.

The Duc de Noailles, peer of France—whom the King had appointed to accompany the Duke—Messieurs de Lalin and Dargainaraty, repaired to the Ambassador's hotel, with three royal carriages, each drawn by eight horses, to conduct his Excellency to an audience of his Majesty at the Palace of the Tuilleries. Besides the royal carriages, the cavalcade was composed of three splendid court carriages belonging to the newly-appointed Ambassador, the state coach of the Duc de Noailles, and that of Monsieur

paid £2000, or 48,000 francs a year for this house, if I could have hired it, and shall have no objection to have that sum stopped from my salary for it."

At a later period, when, after the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Wellington proceeded to Brussels to take command of the army in Belgium, his Grace proposed to have the purchase-money paid back, and a rent at the rate of £2000 a year paid for the use of the Borghese palace during the period of its occupation by himself or suite.

de Lalin, each drawn by six horses, highly caparisoned, and followed by a number of servants in handsome liveries.

In the first carriage were the Ambassador's secretary, the present Lord Downes, and Monsieur Dargainaraty. In the second was the hero himself, accompanied by the Duc de Noailles and Monsieur de Lalin; the late General Freemantle, and Colonel Percy, attached to the embassy, with the writer of these pages, occupied the third royal carriage. The whole party alighted at the grand vestibule of the Tuileries, and proceeded to the Hall of Ambassadors.

The palace guards were under arms. The King having returned from mass to his apartments, the Ambassador proceeded in cavalcade to the audience. The Marquis de Brezé, grand master of the ceremonies of France, with his assistants, received the Duke at the foot of the staircase, and accompanied him to the presence-chamber. The Duc de Luxembourg, captain of guards, came to meet his Excellency outside the

Hall of Guards. The body-guard were under arms, and formed a passage for his Excellency.

The King was on his throne, having on his right and left the princes of the royal family, and the princes of the blood. The great officers of the crown were placed behind his Majesty's throne.

On entering the presence-chamber, the Ambassador made a profound obeisance to the King, who rose, and was uncovered. His Excellency, having reached the foot of the throne, was presented to his Majesty by Monsieur de Lalin.

After this presentation, the King sat down, put on his hat, and made a sign to the Ambassador to do the same. The princes of the royal family and of the blood were also covered. The Ambassador then addressed a speech to the King, after which his Excellency presented his credentials: his Majesty received and handed them to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The newly-restored Monarch replied to the

Ambassador's speech with the most flattering expressions. The audience being closed, the Ambassador and his suite retired in the same order as on their entrance, and they were afterwards conducted to the presence of their royal highnesses, Monsieur, Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, le Duc d'Angoulême, and le Duc de Berri. The following was the reply of Monsieur to Wellington's address:—

“ The King, and all the royal family, view with the most lively pleasure the selection which the Prince Regent has made of a hero worthy to represent him. It is our wish and our hope to see a durable peace established between two nations, made rather for mutual esteem than hostility.”

Another ceremony shortly afterwards was held, which may be worth recording—the *Fête St. Louis*. For a length of time, the celebration of this festival had not been suffered to take place. This august name, which reminded the French of the most brilliant epochs of their history, had for a number of years been only inwardly breathed

by them. Now again was the enthusiasm for the patron saint revived; and many a Frenchman's heart beat high at the recollection of St. Louis—who was not destined to be the last martyr of his race—at the recollection of Louis XII., the father of his people; of Louis XIV., the pride of France; of Louis XV., under whose reign the arts and sciences flourished; or partly, at the name of Louis XVIII., whose return to the throne of his ancestors was to the entire nation a pledge of peace and happiness.

Without wishing to enter into the diplomatic services of Wellington, who fully realized the anticipations expressed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, when congratulating the Duke upon the high and important mission on which he was about to proceed, “that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, would maintain with equal authority, firmness, and temper our national honour and interests in peace,” I cannot refrain from alluding to his exertions in the abolition of the French slave-trade.

Within three days of the Ambassador's arrival in Paris, he had apprised Louis XVIII. of the "earnestness with which the Prince Regent and his government, the parliament, and the British nation, wished that his Majesty would concur in immediately abolishing this traffic by his subjects;" and the Duke added, "that he urged the King, by all the arguments that had been suggested by the English cabinet, and such others as occurred to him, to put an end to the nefarious system." Finding his Majesty anxious to ascertain the feelings of his own people upon the subject, the Duke still urged the Monarch to restrict the trade as much as possible; and in a despatch, addressed to the Prince de Benevento, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, our Ambassador again pressed the subject, requesting his highness to urge his most Christian Majesty to take some steps for the abolition of that trade, "so repugnant to the principles of national justice, and of the enlightened age in which he lived."

On the 25th of August, the *Fête St. Louis* was celebrated at Paris. Never did the Court of the Tuileries exhibit a more brilliant spectacle. The great orders of the state, the diplomatic body, the French marshals, the general officers, the various civil and military authorities, the courts of justice, the tribunals, and all the distinguished foreigners that had now flocked to the city of frivolity, were admitted to present their felicitations and homage to his Majesty. On returning from mass, the King and the royal family presented themselves at the balcony of the gallery of the chapel, and were enthusiastically received by that populace, who within a few months hailed with even more intense fervour the return of Napoleon. To resume —nothing could exceed the expressions of love and devotion which, on that day, the Parisians evinced towards Louis le Désiré and the Bourbon family.

The multitude of citizens of all classes presented a picture full of interest to those who could not be aware of the “hollow

hearts" that reigned within them. Joy, confidence, and happiness were depicted upon every countenance. At the Opera-house, "Pelage, ou, le Roi et la Paix," was represented; and, at the Feydeau, "Les Heritiers Michau" was performed. The allusions presented by these two pieces were eagerly seized and appreciated by the people. *Le Tartuffe* of Molière was represented at the Théâtre François. On the delivery of the following line in the second act,

"Nous vivons sous un prince, ennemi de la fraude,"

the whole audience rose, and received the sentiment with a burst of applause.

All the theatres were opened gratuitously to the public upon this occasion, who filled them at an early hour. Those who were not fortunate enough to obtain seats, consoled themselves with walking about the town to witness the illuminations, which were general and most brilliant. Among the transparencies were many bearing inscriptions that testified the love of the people to their long wished-for sovereign.

France, at the period I write of, could boast of its royal hunt; the season commenced toward the end of August, and on the 27th the Duc de Berri, accompanied by the Prince of the Moskowa (Ney), hunted in the Bois de Boulogne. Wellington was of the party. Strange! that in less than ten months, the two latter should meet in a very different field, and for a different purpose; and what extraordinary events had occurred between the "meet" at the Bois de Boulogne on the 27th of August, and the "meet" at Waterloo on the 18th of June! How much had happened in that interval! Napoleon had escaped from Porto Ferrajo, in the Isle of Elba; Wellington had attended the congress of Vienna, where the four allied sovereigns of Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia had concluded a compact, binding themselves to maintain the treaty of Paris, each to keep one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field, and not to lay down their arms until Bonaparte should be placed without the pale of civil and social

relations, as an enemy and destroyer of the tranquillity of the world.

Louis XVIII. had abdicated, and Ney, the “bravest of the brave,” who had declared that he would bring Bonaparte to Paris like a wild beast in a cage, had recognised his superiority, joined him, and again sunk into his satellite. Wellington and Ney again met on the 18th of June; the result is too well known to require any notice. Return we, then, to our hunt, which was attended by all the sporting *elite* of Paris, and there, not the least curious part was to witness the two great generals riding side by side in amicable converse. Owing to the numerous body of Parisian “Cockneys” who attended this hunt, our sport was very indifferent; the deer was headed, the hounds ridden over, and, despite of the oaths of the royal Duke, we were obliged to return home at an early hour, without being able to join in chorus the burthen of the old song—

“This day a stag must die.”

The Duke of Cambridge had now arrived

in Paris, and was a constant guest at the Hotel Borghese; but a greater *lion* to English eyes than had hitherto appeared, arrived in Paris from Rennes on the 4th of September, viz., Soult.

On the 5th of September, divine service was held, for the first time, at the British Ambassador's hotel. The English residents, amounting to more than one hundred, assembled in the great dining-room. The service was performed by the Duke's chaplain; his Grace attended.

On the 7th of September, the ceremony of the distribution and consecration of the colours of the National Guard, took place in the Champ-de-Mars. Our warrior chief was present. The King left the Tuilleries at ten o'clock, accompanied by a magnificent retinue, and was loudly cheered as he reached the ground. After the benediction had been given by the Archbishop of Rheims, M. de Talleyrand, his Majesty addressed himself as follows to the chiefs of the Legion and the officers of the National Guard:—

“Gentlemen,—This is a delightful day to me; it is a new tie which I contract with my brave National Guard. What may not be expected from the French, when one sees such troops, whom zeal alone has formed? Let the enemy come when he will—but he will not come, we have none but friends.”

At the conclusion of this speech, a thousand voices repeated—“*Vive le Roi!*” “*Vive Monsieur!*” “*Vive Madame!*” Monsieur, then turning towards the King, said: “Sire, the National Guard is deeply sensible of the great honour your Majesty has done it, by presenting it with the colours yourself. I can assure you, Sire, that it is worthy of it. All are prepared to die for the person of your Majesty; and among so many faithful subjects, there is no one more devoted than their Colonel-General.” All hands were now raised. “Yes, we swear it; *Vive le Roi!*”

Touched by these sentiments of affection, the King held out his arms to Monsieur, who flew into them with transport. His Majesty pressed him to his heart, and tears flowed from many an eye.

Louis XVIII. was but a poor prophet in making the above harangue, for within a few months he was doomed to listen to the spirit, if not the letter, of the following unpalatable remarks:—"Sire, celui que vous appelez à Paris l'ogre de Corse, qui s'appelle encore l'usurpateur à Nevers, s'appelle déjà Bonaparte à Lyon, et l'empereur à Grenoble. Vous le croyez traqué, poursuivi, en fuite; il marche, rapide comme l'aigle qu'il rapporte; ses soldats, que vous croyiez mourants de faim, écrasés de fatigue, prêts à déserter, s'augmentent comme les atomes de neige autour de la boule qui se précipite. Sire, partez; abandonnez la France à son véritable maître, à celui qui l'a conquise; partez, sire, non pas que vous couriez quelque danger: votre adversaire est assez fort pour vous faire grâce; mais parce qu'il est humiliant pour un petit-fils de Saint Louis de devoir la vie à l'homme d'Arcole, de Marengo, et d'Austerlitz." *

* TRANSLATION.—"Sire,—He whom you call at Paris the Corsican ogre, who is still styled the usurper at

Napoleon was shortly afterwards reinstated by the popular voice, Emperor of the French.

Upon the 9th of September, the royal hounds met at Grosbois, about four leagues south-east of Paris, and which had been occupied by Louis XVIII. when Count of Provence. The Duc de Berri, Wellington, the Duke de Guiche, who had served in the 10th Hussars, and a variety of English and French officers, attended this *chasse*. The ambition of the sons of our island was to get the deer to break cover, but so surrounded were we with huntsmen and *gens*

Never, is already called Bonaparte at Lyons, and the emperor at Grenoble—he whom you regard as surrounded, pursued, put to flight, careers onwards, swift as the eagle whose emblem he bears. His soldiers, whom you believe to be dying of hunger, exhausted by fatigue, and ready to desert him, augment like the snow-flakes around the revolving ball. Sire, depart: resign France to her legitimate ruler—to him who has conquered. Depart; sire: not because you are likely to run any danger—your adversary is strong enough to protect you; but because it would be humiliating in a grandson of St. Louis to owe his life to the hero of Arcole, of Marengo, and of Austerlitz."

d'armes, that upon this occasion we found it impossible to accomplish our wishes. Nothing occurred during this day's sport to merit any particular comment: perhaps the most amusing part of it was our "lark" home across the country, when "we," I mean not the editorial plural, but myself and a few other young *attachés* of the English embassy, led some half dozen Frenchmen a rather stiffish line of stone walls and brooks. Since the time I write of, "horsemanship" has made rapid progress in La Belle France; and there are now many men to be found in the hunting-field, and across the country in a steeple-chase, that would be ornaments to England.

Rambouillet was to be our next "meet." There is nothing remarkable in this place, which is a dull town, except the *château*, the residence of the Kings of France down to the times of Charles X., who, after the revolution of July, 1830, signed, in conjunction with the Duc d'Angoulême, his abdication of the throne of his ancestors. The

monarch was led on to this step by the rumour, that the mob of Paris were upon the road to Rambouillet, armed, and threatening results not dissimilar to those which befel Louis XVI. at Versailles, in 1789. The *château* is a gloomy building of red brick, flanked with towers of stone. An apartment is still shown where Francis I. died, in 1547. The extensive forest is well adapted for the chase, and was the favourite sporting-ground of the Bourbon princes. It was here that, early in October, Wellington met the hounds, equipped, for the first time, in the French hunting costume—cocked hat, gold-laced coat, *couteau de chasse*, and jack-boots. Although the Ambassador did not object to be thus himself accoutred for the chase, he spared his gallant steed the fancy costume, and, instead of having the velvet saddle, the costly housings, the embroidered crupper, the emblazoned pistol holsters, and the richly-ornamented bridle, the noble animal seemed content with a plain English saddle and bridle.

The following week the Duke hunted at

St. Germain-en-Laye ; interesting from its historical recollections, but, although it is a large town, it has a melancholy air of desolation in its grass-grown streets and straggling edifices. The royal *château*, once the favourite residence of Marguerite de Valois, Henry II., Henry IV., Francis I., and the birthplace of Charles IX. and Louis XIV., is now converted into a military prison; and surrounded by a wall for security. Here the "mind's eye" may dwell on bygone days, and bring before it scenes of past times.

How vividly does this venerable pile remind one of the *bon roi*, Henry IV., and the graceful good-humour of that popular monarch. Here our bigoted James II. resided for twelve years, holding the semblance of a court. Part of his body was buried in the parish church, where a monument has since been raised by George IV., at his own expense, to the memory of one described upon it—

"MAGNUS IN PROSPERIS, IN ADVERSIS MAJOR,
JACOBUS 2US, ANGLORUM REX."

Acting upon the law of Solon, since univer-

sally adopted, of “de mortuis nil nisi bonum,” we will not say what the epitaph ought to have been; but, to call a monarch great in prosperity “who had shown so thorough a disregard for the religion and constitution of his country,” is even too untruthful for a monumental tablet.

The forest occupies a promontory, formed by a sweeping bend of the river Seine, and is one of the largest in France, having a circuit of twenty-one miles. In the centre of it, is the Pavillon de la Meute, begun by Francis I., whose refined taste is proverbial throughout his own country, and whose style is now so much appreciated in England.

Chantilly was the next *rendezvous*, and furnished little worthy of notice. Despite of the endeavours of the then “*Young England*” party to get the antlered monarch to leave the wood, our exertions proved unsuccessful, and we were therefore compelled to content ourselves with galloping along the rides for an hour or two; we were, however,

amply repaid for our day's disappointment, by going over the *château*. Here may be seen the hall of the celebrated, valorous, generous, Francis of Angoulême, the bed-chamber of the beautiful devoted La Vallière, and the identical trap-door by which the youthful Louis gained entrance into her dormitory, after his mother had caused the door of the stairs to be bricked up; here may be also seen the oratory of our misguided monarch James II., and the chamber in which he died, September 16th, 1701. This palace was assigned to the exiled king by Louis XIV. The splendid *château* of Chantilly, built by the great Condé, where he spent his latter years, after retiring from military life, in the society of Racine, Boileau, and other literary characters of his age, was levelled by the mob at the Revolution. The stables alone remain; a splendid pile, capable of containing nearly two hundred horses.

It was at this *château* that Le Grand Vatel, that immortal artist who presided

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over the culinary department, committed suicide, by running himself through with his sword (his spit would have been more appropriate), in despair, because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner upon the occasion of the sovereign's visit, in 1671. In spite of the devastation of the Revolution, Chantilly is to this day a most lovely spot; the present building is still full of memorials of Condé, and the gardens, parks, and grounds are as beautiful as green turf, fragrant flowers, noble trees, and limpid streams can make them. After the death of the Duc de Bourbon, the last of the line of Condé, Chantilly became the property of the Duc d'Aumale. The forest extends to 6700 acres; in the midst of it is a small Gothic building, flanked by four towers at the corners, built, it is said, by Queen Blanche of Castile; its carved ornaments of snakes, frogs, lizards, snails, intermixed with the waterlilies and other aquatic plants, have a most pleasing effect, and show that it was originally a fishing lodge.

Greatly to my delight, the Duke, received a Royal command to dine at Fontainbleau after hunting there, and I was fortunate enough to accompany him. At an early hour we left Paris in a travelling carriage and four. After passing Chailly, where there is one rather extraordinary feature at the post-house, namely, that the master of it keeps nothing but grey horses, of which he has nearly fifty, we entered the forest of Fontainbleau, about thirteen leagues from Paris.

This forest extends over an area of 23,700 hectares (about 55,000 acres), and is full of oaks and beech of majestic size. A large space is covered with broom, heath, and underwood, with extensive plantations of black fir. Here may be found the red deer in great abundance. They are as wild as hawks, and instantly fly at the approach of man. No part of France can boast of more picturesque and romantic scenery than the neighbourhood of Fontainbleau. At the period I write of, the forest was the favou-

rite "meet" of the then royal family of France, Monsieur Le Comte D'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berri. Since the revolution of 1830, the deer have been exterminated, and this attractive hunting ground, once the favourite resort of the kings of France, hears the "ring of a hunter's peal" no more. In a sporting point of view, the French system of stag-hunting is far preferable to our own; for, instead of turning a poor scared home-fed "calf" out of a covered cart, in which he has been jolted for some half-dozen or dozen miles, the deer in France is singled, and driven early in the morning into a particular district, near the *rendezvous*, where the hounds are laid on, and find their own game.

The *rendezvous* on the occasion I write of, was at *La Croix du Grand Veneur*, an obelisk at a spot where four roads meet, and which, according to an ancient legend, receives its name from a spectral black huntsman, who was supposed to haunt the forest, and who appeared to the fourth Henry shortly before

his assassination. No sooner had we descended from the carriage, and were about to mount our hunters, than up galloped an advanced guard of cuirassiers, sword in hand, desiring us to draw up in a line, as the King and royal family were approaching. We had scarcely time to comply with this order, before a body-guard of lancers clattered past us, at a tremendous pace; immediately after them followed a magnificent carriage, the whole body covered with gold, and the arms of France emblazoned upon the panels, with four tall footmen in state liveries perched up behind. This "monster" coach was drawn by eight short-tailed brown English horses, six in hand (a feat worthy of Batty), and a postillion on the leaders, in a huge cocked hat, with powdered head, blue coat covered with silver lace, and a Brobdignag pair of jackboots. In the carriage were his Majesty, the Duc and Duchesse D'Angoulême, and the Comte D'Artois —equerries in waiting riding by the side. Then came another carriage and eight, con-

taining the Duc de Berri and his aid-de-camp. Two empty landaus followed, in case of accidents; a very necessary precaution, considering the badness of the roads, and the weight of what the London coachmen call "live lumber" that occupied them. A strong body of "heavys" brought up the rear.

The French princes, after warmly recognising the Duke, now mounted their English thorough-bred hunters, and prepared themselves *pour la chasse*. The King and the Duchesse D'Angoulême, after calling Wellington to the carriage, exchanged their heavy Lord Mayor's coach for a light open barouche, and, attended by the ranger and deputy ranger of the forest in uniform, and a party of *gendarmerie*, drew up by the cover's side. The hounds, though the *piqueur* declared they were genuine natives, had evidently a cross of our foxhound. The huntsman was magnificently "got up" in a long blue coat covered with lace, jack-boots, chain spurs, and sported a powdered peruke

and a gold-laced cocked-hat, worthy of a London sweep on a May-day. A large French horn was slung over his shoulder, and a huge *couteau de chasse* hung by his side. His horse, who looked as if he had been fatted for a Smithfield cattle show, was as fine as red velvet housings, leather holsters, gold-embossed bridle and crupper, could make him. The *valets des chiens* wore cocked-hats, scarlet jackets, white "unmentionables," silk stockings, and pumps. A few heavy *gens-d'armes*, on long-tailed, black job-looking horses, were present to protect royalty from the pressure of mobility. The hounds were now laid on, and all remained breathlessly straining their ears to catch the *à droits* and *à gauches* which were hallooed out to intimate which way the deer was running. At last the Duc de Berri gave a shout that would have done honour to the war-cry of the Ojibeway Indians, and, putting spurs to his horse, started off at the rate of twenty miles an hour, followed by the *gens-d'armes*, who in vain tried to keep

up with the royal sportsman. "Hold hard! Give them time!" shouted the Duke, interspersing his injunctions with certain little English execrations, which proved his Royal Highness to be perfectly conversant with our native tongue.

In a second, away went the whole field, deer, hounds, huntsmen, sportsmen—royal, noble, and simple—equestrians, pedestrians, amidst the shouts of the gathered multitude. For awhile, the deer kept to the forest; but, finding himself hotly pressed, took to the open country, followed by all our own countrymen, with a few foreigners who had passed some portion of their time in "merrie England." "Hold hard!" shouted the Duc de Berri. "*Arreitez, messieurs!*" cried the *piqueur*. "Turn him back to de wood!" ejaculated another. Despite, however, of all these injunctions, and the volleys of foreign maledictions, we succeeded in keeping the pack in full cry over a fair hunting country, taking regular *French* leave of the royal sportsmen. One of the hunts-

men went the first field with us, but at the end of it there was a small grip (for ditch it could not be called); this caused the mighty Nimrod to "crane;" and when we shouted that there was nothing to stop him, he politely took off his hat and said—" *Au revoir, messieurs; je ne saute pas les grands fossés.*" The plain was passed, a small, thickly grown wood skirted, a brook with steep and deep banks crossed, some swampy-meadows traversed, until a lake appeared in view. "He's dead beat!" shouted the self-elected huntsman, a sporting *attaché* of the Duke's; and even so it was, for the words were scarcely uttered, ere the deer was seen evidently distressed, the hounds almost within sight of him. From scent to view, was beautiful. "Hark forward!" was echoed around. The stag now gained the lake, and plunged into it.

Anxious to save the noble animal, some of us whipped off the hounds, whilst others were up to their middles in water, trying with a "lasso," formed of stirrup-leathers,

to secure the “poor sequestered stag.” At this moment, the Duc de Berri, accompanied by his royal brother and an aid-de-camp, galloped up. We all shrank back, expecting a severe rebuke, when, to our great surprise, a saccharine smile beamed upon the royal countenances. “Well, Duke, this is an English run!” exclaimed the good-humoured Duc de Berri. Our Duke made a suitable reply. “How splendidly your Royal Highness took that last fence!” said the aid-de-camp. We looked round—it was scarce four feet high! “And the brook! your Royal Highness,” exclaimed a young Englishman; “it was a regular Wissendine!” The *piqueurs*, *gens-d’armes*, and the rest of the field came tailing up, all declaring that the *chasse* was “*magnifique!*” To account for the arrival of these above-mentioned worthies, I must mention that a road ran nearly parallel with the line we had taken; upon nearing us, they gave up their “highway” system, and some of the “hard riders” had selected a narrow part of a small stream

and a couple of fences, to show off their prowess. During the time of these boastings, the Duc d'Angoulême had with a rifle given (as the courtiers said) the *coup de grâce* to the hunted animal, whose “heart's best blood was on the waters.” Quicker eyes, and less flattering tongues, however attributed the murderous deed to the keeper, who fired at the same time his royal master did.

We now wended our way to the *château*; and, after leaving our steeds at the stables, strolled into the gardens, in the expectation of seeing the *Fontaine belle Eau*, which gave the name to the palace, but the spot had long since ceased to exist. We then reached the house, where, after indulging in that luxury of luxuries, a warm bath, we were allowed to occupy our time until dinner in exploring the ancient building. I was fortunate enough to get hold of an attendant who had been brought up in England, and who showed me over this venerable seat of the French Kings. To give a common

short-hand description of it, I shall briefly say, that Louis VII., in 1162, first built a castle here; but it is indebted to Francis I. for its chief extension and improvement. Further additions were made to it by Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. The *Chapelle de St. Saturnin* is said to be of the time of Louis VII., but the repairs of Francis I. have quite obliterated its original structure. In the *Chapelle de la Trinité*, the marriage of Louis XV. with Maria Lechzinska took place, in 1725; as did that of the ill-fated Duc d'Orleans, in 1837. In the apartments *des Reines Mères*, Pope Pius VII. was lodged, rejecting all the magnificence prepared for him by his imperial jailer. The *Boudoir de la Reine* was occupied by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and the metal window bolts were said to have been wrought by the hand of Louis XVI. The *Galerie de Henri II.* is the most splendid room in the palace; everywhere appears the crescent of Diana of Poictiers, and her initials linked with that of her royal lover.

We had reserved the two most interesting parts of the palace to the last, namely, the *Galerie des Cerfs*, and the *Cabinet de Travail*. The former was the scene of the atrocious murder of Monaldeschi, by three assassins, hired for the purpose by Christina of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, at that time residing at the *château* as the guest of Louis XIII. The fault which drew upon the high chamberlain the sanguinary anger of his profligate mistress, has never been clearly ascertained; but the reason assigned for his execution was, his treacherous betrayal of Christina's confidence. Some allege that the heartless Italian had boasted of favours conferred upon himself and Sentinelli, brother of the captain of her guard; and this may account for the vindictiveness of the ex-queen's feelings, who subjected her confidential adviser to a mock trial, in which she acted as judge and jury, and treated his death with the greatest levity, ridiculing the cowardice with which her former paramour met his cruel

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fate. The Cabinet de Travail contained the little mahogany round table at which Napoleon, a few months before, had signed his abdication. The Emperor's bed-room remained nearly as he left it.

CHAPTER IV.

Distinguished visitors at Paris—The Marquis of Londonderry—Madame de Staël—Royal hounds—St. Cloud.

DURING the remaining portion of the month of August, and the whole of September, the utmost gaiety prevailed in Paris. Dinners, pic-nics, balls, concerts, races, reviews, with the distribution and consecration of the colours of some regiments of the line and the National Guard, were daily and nightly carried on. Strangers were congregating from all parts.

Amongst the most distinguished of our own countrymen were, the late Marquis of Wellesley and the present Marquis of Londonderry. The authoress of *Corinne* had

also arrived, with a view of adding to her literary fame by writing a military history of the reign of Napoleon; but Madame de Staël's proposal was rejected by the government, and the work was abandoned.

Towards the end of September, the Duke of Wellington again hunted with the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri. Both the princes were splendidly mounted, and were second to none so long as the riding was confined to the alleys of the forest, which were cleared by horsemen for their Royal Highnesses; Wellington and his *compatriotes* could alone find themselves with the first flight, when by some fortunate chance, the stag took to the open, and a yawning brook, a stiff fence, or a five-feet stone wall, were to be met with. It was then that the Duke's iron nerve and eagle eye came into play, and he went like a bird; the Bourbons being, in racing parlance "no where."

At the end of the month, the troops were reviewed in the Champ de Mars. There were several fatal accidents; four or five bullets

whistled close to the spot occupied by the Duc de Berri and Wellington, and caused a considerable sensation at the time; whether they were the effects of design or accident remained a mystery.

On the 4th November, some excitement was created at Paris by a slight insurrection. General Dufour and forty other persons were arrested at a coffee-house, by order of the Government. But as my object in this brief memoir is to give a detail of events connected with my late chief, I pass over this political *emeute*, and proceed to describe a morning excursion that the Duke made to St. Cloud, and of which party I was fortunate enough to make one.

The only apartments that require notice were the ones which Napoleon usually occupied. The first contained a bust of Julius Cæsar; while in the other, the library, were the following English works:—"Debates in the English Parliament," "Letters of Junius," "Naval History of England," and an "Account of Naval Battles." All had

been placed there by the ex-emperor, and evidently bore marks of having been constantly referred to. A map of England lay unfolded, on the table.

At this period, Turnerelli's busts of Wellington and Blucher were placed in the Tuileries by the newly-restored monarch, with an inscription upon each pedestal, that these redoubtable warriors fought bravely for their respective countries, but not as enemies to France. It would be curious to trace the history of these busts, to ascertain whether, during *Les Cent Jours* Napoleon had them demolished or removed, and if they outlived the short, though not merry, reign of the restored captive, and were still retained by his successor after the battle of Waterloo — whether the present Emperor still permits the royal palace to be adorned with remembrances of two of France's most powerful adversaries.

CHAPTER V.

Soult—Rumour of an attack upon the king's life—The Duke of Wellington dines with the Duke of Orleans at the Palais Royal—Episode—Louis Philippe at Claremont.

EARLY in the month of December, Soult was appointed Minister of War; and a better selection could not have been made, for he possessed the entire confidence of the troops. A mischievous report was about this time spread, that an attack was to be made upon Louis XVIII., on his way to the Odéon Theatre, or during the performance. Every precaution was taken by the military and civil authorities, and the garrison of Paris was kept under arms. It, however, turned out to be "a weak invention of the enemy."

When the King was warned against going to the theatre, he replied with calmness and dignity, "Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite; j'ai dit que j'irai au spectacle, et je m'y rendrai."

The Duke of Wellington occupied the box opposite the royal one, and was the only officer of rank out of uniform. He wore, as was his usual custom, a plain coat, with the order of the Garter. It was a most exciting evening, for, notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary, many were of opinion that, among the number of disaffected Bonapartists, some one would be found to make an attempt upon the life of the newly-restored monarch; and every noise in the theatre was regarded with the deepest anxiety. The performance, however, terminated without any disturbance, and the King returned to the Tuilleries amidst the cheers of his loyal subjects, who were delighted at this additional trait of the courage of their sovereign.

On the 8th of December, the Duke of

Wellington, accompanied by his suite, went to the Palais Royal to deliver to M. the Duke of Orleans a letter of congratulation from the Prince Regent, on the birth of his fourth son, the present Duc d'Aumale.

The Duke afterwards dined with his Royal Highness : it was a most sumptuous banquet, and terminated with a soirée given by the Duchess.

On the 15th of December, Louis XVIII. visited the Theatre François, and was received with acclamations by a very brilliant audience. Wellington was again present in his private box.

On the 26th of this month, the Duke of Wellington received the important news of the signing of peace between Great Britain and America.

On the 31st, Sir Henry Wellesley arrived from Madrid; and on New-Year's Day was presented to the King.

Having made allusion to the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe), I trust I may be pardoned for a little digression, in

here introducing the account of an interview which the writer had, a few years since, with the fallen monarch.

I went yesterday (May 27th, 1848) to visit the ex-King and Queen of the French, at Claremont. On reaching Esher, a servant in a somewhat faded light blue livery coat, told me that the Princes were in town, but that the King was at home. Upon entering the house, the well-mustachioed *huissier* took my name, and showed me into the library.

After remaining a short time, he announced that the King would see me. I was ushered into a drawing-room upon the left of the entrance-hall; and, as I entered, the monarch approached, and welcomed me most kindly. His Majesty then begged I would take a chair. The King was dressed in a plain suit of mourning; a huge mass of large seals, with the royal arms, were the only ornaments he wore.

The King then asked me after the Duke of ——; expressed his regret at the death of my sister; talked of Epsom; said,

he did not approve of gambling on the turf; that he understood many persons had destroyed themselves in consequence of their severe losses; asked when Goodwood Races took place; told me that the Duc de Nemours had gone to town, to see a review, which I explained to be the guard mounting upon the Queen's birth-day; "Oh yes!" he replied, "the flank companies."

I then informed his Majesty that I had had the honour of being presented to him and the Queen, on the 8th December, 1814, when an *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington. I remarked that the Duke, by order of the Prince Regent, went to congratulate him on the birth of one of the princes. He replied, "The Duc d'Aumale." I then added, that the Queen had given a ball on the occasion. I then expressed a hope that her Majesty was well; he said the Queen would be glad to see me, and he would apprise her of my visit. During Louis Philippe's absence, I noticed the *Times*, *Galignani's*, and two French newspapers, upon the table.

the Duke of Orleans. The Queen dropped her glove in rising, which I restored amidst "*mille rémercimens.*"

In referring to the above interview with Louis Philippe, my object has been to avoid all contrast between the peaceful retirement of Claremont, and the splendour and excitement of the Palais Royal and Tuileries; still more so, to abstain from any remarks upon the rise and fall of departed greatness; my sole motive being to point out the wonderful memory of the deposed Monarch, who, amidst the cares of his altered position, and entirely unprepared for my visit, conversed not alone upon every topic that engrossed the public attention, but recalled to my mind events connected with my relations and friends—which those more deeply interested in them would scarcely have remembered.

CHAPTER VI.

1815. Solemn ceremony of the disinterment of Louis XVI., and Queen Marie Antoinette—Anecdotes of Wellington—His kindness of heart.

THE year 1815 begun with a solemn and august ceremony; for, in pursuance of the orders of the King, on the 18th of January, the disinterment of Louis XVI. and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, took place in the churchyard of the Madeleine, in presence of Monsieur Dambray, the Chancellor, and several other persons of distinction. On the 20th, the remains which had been discovered were placed in leaden coffins, and on the following day conveyed to St. Denis; upon the night of the interment, all the theatres were closed, by order of the government.

At six o'clock in the morning, the whole of the garrison of Paris were under arms. At eight o'clock, Monsieur, and the Princes his sons, arrived at the cemetery of the Madeleine, and were immediately followed by the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon. Everything being ready for the melancholy ceremony, the two leaden coffins were placed on the funeral car, and the procession commenced in the following order: a detachment of light horse led the way, followed by some companies of the King and Queen's regiments of the line, with arms reversed, and muffled drums and trumpets. Several companies of the national guards followed the infantry of the line; next came the national guards on horseback, headed by General Dessolles, and a numerous staff; the royal grenadiers, and two detachments of the mousquetaires immediately preceded the three first carriages of the procession; a detachment of lancers and hussars, with several general officers on horseback, followed, and preceded the ten

carriages hung with black, in which were the King's ministers, the grand dignitaries of the state, the bishops, and other ecclesiastics, and the chief officers of the palace; then came five carriages drawn by eight black horses, with walking footmen in deep mourning on each side; these belonged to the royal family; five heralds on horseback, in grand costume, with crape scarfs, followed. Last came the funeral car, which was fourteen feet in length and six in height: in the middle was the sarcophagus, which was raised more than three feet; four tiars, wrought in silver, were at the four corners of the car, which was hung with rich black velvet; in the centre were the arms of the King and Queen, surmounted by a crown; around the sarcophagus, containing the two coffins, was a fringe of black velvet, blazoned with silver crosses, terminated by funeral crape, and surmounted by the crown of France; the eight horses which drew this car were richly-caparisoned with housings of black velvet, bedecked with

escutcheons, and surmounted with crowns; the car was surrounded by a detachment of *Les Cent Suisses*, and escorted by the body-guards: the *gens d'armes* closed the procession.

The Bishop of Troyes (who, thirty years before, had, in the same sacred place, pronounced the funeral oration of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI.), was selected to deliver the funeral oration. Soult and Oudinot held the pall over the coffin of the King; the presidents, Barthelemy and Laine, the pall over that of the Queen. The great gate of St. Denis was hung with black, and exhibited the following inscription, in characters of silver:

DORMIAM CUM PATRIBUS MEIS:
CONDASQUE IN SEPULCHRO MAJORUM MEORAM.

Abrupt as must be the change, I must now return to the hunting field. During the whole of this season I was, through the Duke's kindness, mounted by him upon every occasion; and my object in thus allud-

ing to myself, is to lay before the reader a trait of his character which reflects so much credit upon the goodness of his disposition. Upon one morning, late in December, the curricle was at the door, and I, ready booted and spurred, was waiting to drive the Duke to the place of meeting—Versailles, when his valet approached me, and said his master wished to see me. I attended the summons, and found his Grace equipped for hunting, but very busy over some papers. “I shall not be able to go to-day,” said he, “but you can have the curricle. Tell the Royal Dukes I have some letters to write, as the courier starts at two o’clock, which will prevent me meeting them to-day. ‘Elmore’ is sent on for me, as he is short of work, you had better ride him—don’t knock him about.” I briefly expressed my thanks, and started for the *rendezvous*; where I delivered my message, and mounted the far-famed hunter, ‘Elmore,’ who had lately been purchased in England for the Duke, at a high price. We had a capital run—twenty minutes in the forest

and fifteen across the country, which, being tolerably well enclosed, gave me an opportunity of distinguishing myself. This I may say, without being accused of vapouring, when it is borne in mind that I was splendidly mounted, and that I rode under ten stone. Although the fencing and pace had choked off all the royal Nimrods, they arrived in time to be in at the death; the stag that had given us so good a run had taken to the water, and shortly after fell a victim to the unerring aim of the Duc D'Angoulême's *garde chasse*, who, perceiving the Prince's bullet misdirected, quietly, and unknown to many, lodged a ball in the centre of the noble animal's forehead.

“*Monseigneur tire parfaitement*,” said the keeper to his royal master, who seemed highly gratified at the success of his shot. From the manner in which ‘Elmore’ had gone, it was quite evident that the majority of the field were anxious to possess him; and it was hinted to me that the Duke could command almost any sum for him. Delighted

with the character the new purchase had obtained, I started to ride gently home by myself; and, when within half a league of Paris, in crossing a small grip on the side of the road, I found my horse go lame. To dismount and inspect his foot, were the work of a moment; but I could see nothing. No alternative, then, was left me, but to lead the limping animal home to his stables. This I did, amidst the taunts and jeers of the rabble; but their insults were trifling compared to the annoyance I felt at the sad termination of my day's amusement.

No sooner had I reached the Hotel Borghese, than I sent for the head-groom and the Duke's coachman, and explained to them all that had occurred.

"Well, *you* have gone and done it," said the latter personage, who was a great character, and to whom I shall hereafter allude. "Why, the Duke would not have taken two hundred for that horse." The groom, however, seeing I was in a state of mental agony, comforted me a little, by saying he trusted

it was nothing, that he would have the shoe taken off, and that he hoped it would be all right.

Happily for me, the Duke, who had been occupied all day, was out riding; and I did not see him until dinner-time. I had fully made up my mind to mention the accident, but wished to wait until nine o'clock, when I was to have a bulletin of 'Elmore's' state.

As a large party were assembled, little was said about the hunting until the ladies had retired; when I was called upon to give a full, true, and particular account of it. I mentioned the brilliant manner in which the horse had gone, and the panegyrics he had received from all. "A splendid animal," said my chief; "I hope to ride him next Monday, at Fontainbleau." My heart quailed within me.

At this moment, the butler, who had heard of the mishap, gave me a message from the groom, that the horse was a little better from some treatment that had been adopted.

"Quite knocked up—dead beat," said all my friends, as they saw the dull state I was

in; little knowing that the mind, not the body, was suffering.

“I can take you to the play,” said his Grace, “the cabriolet is at the door.”

We drove there. I was, as usual, the charioteer upon such occasions, and so distracted was I upon the present, that I nearly grazed the curb-stone at starting, and was within an inch of knocking over one of the *gens-d'armes* as we approached the theatre.

It was late when we arrived: the last act of “Oreste” was going on, with Talma as the hero; then followed the inimitable Mademoiselle Mars in “La Jeunesse de Henri V.,” from which piece the English version of “Charles the Second” has been adapted. To account for this change of monarchs, and to explain the inconsistency of having the wicked Earl of Rochester the companion of sweet Prince Hal, we may remark that, when the drama was first about to be brought forward in Paris, in Napoleon’s time, the licenser objected to the introduction of any restored monarch; so the author had no alternative

left him, but to re-write the whole, or to change the hero of it; the latter course he adopted, trusting that a Parisian audience would be unable to detect the anachronisms.

But to myself:—in vain had the perfect acting of Talma any charm for me, and when the afterpiece began, I was too wretched to laugh at the *bonhomie* of the actor who represented Captain Copp, or the *naïveté* of that child of nature, Mademoiselle Mars, in “Betty.”

“I am afraid you are quite knocked up,” said the Duke, as, seated by his side, I drove him off from the theatre.

My only answer was a deep sigh; then making a sudden resolution, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and told the whole of the day’s adventure, and the accident that had befallen me.

“Can’t be helped,” said the Duke in his usual quick voice. “Hope it is not as bad as you think—accidents will happen.”

The tone and manner in which the above phrases were delivered, and the inward satis-

faction of feeling one's conscience unburdened, completely restored me to comfort, which was not a little increased by the kind manner in which my patron wished me good-night. The fatigue and excitement of the hunt soon caused my eyelids to close in slumber, and I was awoke out of a deep sleep, during which the transactions of the day had all flitted across me, by the entrance of the trusty porter (who waited upon me), announcing that it had just struck six. I had ordered myself to be called at that early hour, being anxious to attend the stables, and hear the report of the groom as to 'Elmore's' state.

To my great dismay, I found my worst fears realized—the horse was dead lame. From seven till ten o'clock, I wandered about the house like a perturbed spirit, when at the latter hour I received a message to attend his Grace in his morning-room. I entered the Duke's presence like a condemned criminal.

"Turnham tells me 'Elmore' must be blistered and turned out!"

I quaked in my shoes: independently of the annoyance of having been the cause of so much mischief, I thought to myself that my hunting days were over.

“I’ve heard all particulars; you’re not to blame—you did your best.” The Duke had been informed of my early visit.

“But——” (The thought of Othello’s remark—“Never more be officer of mine!” came across my mind.)

“But,” continued the chief, “I can’t afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses; so in future”—the climax was coming, thought I; no more hunting—“so in future, you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare; and, if you knock them up, you must afterwards mount yourself.”

I was so overcome with this noble and liberal conduct, that I could scarcely stammer out my thanks.

“There; take this to the office, and give it to Hervey. We shall hunt, dine, and sleep to-morrow at Fontainbleau.”

I left the hero of a hundred battles with but one sentiment, that of overpowering gratitude, and felt that Wellington was as good in all the kindly offices of social intercourse, as he was great in the more extended duties of the field. Not only upon this, but upon a variety of other occasions, I always found the Duke of a most considerate and forgiving temper, as the anecdote I am about to relate will prove.

In the following year, I received orders to carry despatches, containing a copy of the treaty of peace, to the King of Holland, at the Hague. My instructions were to proceed there without delay, to await his Majesty's pleasure, and to lose no time in returning to the head-quarters at Paris. I pass over my journey, which was "flat, stale, and certainly *unprofitable*;" for the roads being under water a considerable portion of the way, and extremely heavy the remaining part, I was compelled to take four horses, which I was not permitted to charge for in my small account. Suffice it

then to say, I reached Paris about four o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately proceeded to the Duke's residence, where I was an inmate, to report my return, and give the acknowledgment from the Dutch secretary of the receipt of the despatches. His Grace was from home, and I ascertained that he was to attend a grand banquet and ball at the Austrian Ambassador's. In the mean time, I went to my own room, found a pressing invitation to dine early with some young friends, for the purpose of going to the theatre, to see *Les Anglaises pour rire*, which had only lately come out, and to wind up our night's amusements at the ball I have previously alluded to.

The dinner at Beauvillier's was most *recherché*; the farce truly laughable, the acting of Brunet and Potier perfect, and the ball most splendid. Whether the champagne had elated me a little, I know not, but all thoughts of the despatches had quite gone out of my head; and, when standing up for a quadrille, I caught the quick eye

of Wellington, gazing intently upon me: there was anger in it. It then for the first time came across my mind, that I had reversed the saying of—duty first, and pleasure afterwards; and that I had been guilty of gross neglect, in not having waited to report myself personally, and the result of my mission, to his Grace.

My anxiety was increased by a brother aid-de-camp telling me that the Duke had not been made aware of my return. As for dancing the quadrille, (for in the days I write of, men really went through certain steps, and did not shuffle through it, in the slipshod manner they now do,) I found it impossible. I mistook L'Eté for La Poule —chasséed to the right when I ought to have gone to the left—attempted my *pas de zephyr* and failed, and offered my hand to my partner and the lady on my other side for *la grande ronde*, when I ought to have advanced as a *cavalier seul*.

No sooner had the music ceased, than I hastily left my partner, and tried to fall in

the way of the great man; but I saw that he avoided me. Disheartened and disappointed, I soon left the festive scene, and returned home, to "chew the cud of bitter fancy." After a restless night, I awoke, and when my servant made his appearance, he handed me an official-looking letter, which I immediately recognised as coming from the head of the Duke's personal staff. It was an order to attend the Duke at ten o'clock, in uniform.

At that hour, with a trembling step and beating heart, I was ushered into his presence; I at once saw by his manner, that he was highly displeased. In a firm yet dignified tone, he pointed out to me my error; told me that his own staff ought to set an example to the rest of the army in the fulfilment of their duties; and that although, upon this occasion, no evil might arise from my disobedience of general orders, in not reporting myself, that if once officers, employed by him, were to judge for themselves as to the importance or unimportance

of a mission, their utility would be destroyed, and the most serious consequences might ensue—"Obedience to orders is the first duty of a soldier. I hope I shall have no further occasion to revert to the subject."

I then took my leave, grateful that an order to join my regiment had not followed the reproof. Still, I felt vexed and annoyed, and my embarrassment was not a little increased at the fact of its being my day's waiting, when, as a matter of course, I should be thrown more in the Duke's way. But Wellington, as I shortly found, was not of a resentful nature; the moment he had spoken, and had seen a disposition on the part of the offender to reform, he treated him as if nothing had occurred.

During the morning, I made a resolution of being particularly attentive to my duties; and when I was released at four o'clock until dinner-time, I was happy to find that there was no longer any mark of displeasure left upon the Duke's countenance. As the

aid-de-camp in waiting, my post was at the top of the table; and although somewhat restored to my usual peace of mind, I could not help feeling greatly depressed at having so justly incurred my chief's disapproval.

The party was small, so the conversation was general; and, as a matter of course—when is it otherwise?—my recent visit to the Hague was started by a young man fresh from Oxford, and who was not aware of the cause of my late disgrace. In vain did I try to change the subject, not wishing the Duke to know what pursuits had occupied me on my return; but as soon as I made the attempt, the persevering youth again came back to the charge. “And when did you return?” “And did I not catch a glimpse of you at Beauvillier’s?” “And were you not at the Variétés?” “And how came you to leave the ball so early?”

“Shall I mount you at the review, to-morrow?” said one of my good-natured brother officers, addressing the talkative mischief-maker, and anxious to give a new

direction to his thoughts. "I shall be greatly obliged," he responded. Then turning to me, he continued: "I called upon you at four, and your servant told me ——"

What this disclosure was about, I never knew, for the Duke, seeing my perplexity, and anxious not to be made acquainted with more of my sayings and doings, abruptly terminated the dialogue by asking me to drink a glass of wine; he then proceeded to question me, as to how the new piece had been received at the theatre. This entirely drove the Hague out of the heads of all the party, and I could not but feel most grateful at the noble conduct of the Duke, who disdaining, upon this as upon all other occasions, to get information in an underhand manner, had most kindly come to my rescue, had shown his forgiveness in pledging me in a bumper of claret, and had terminated a conversation which might have led to most unpleasant consequences, through the want of tact of an idle colleague.

It was by such acts of kindness, affa-

bility, and consideration, that the immortal Wellington won the hearts of all his officers. Upon points of military discipline he was firm and strict; but the instant the duties were performed, he entered fully and freely with his personal staff into all their amusements, promoting, as far as lay in his power, hunting, shooting, fishing, and other manly field sports.

CHAPTER VII.

The Duke proceeds to the Congress of Vienna—Gaieties—Song upon the crowned heads—Sledging—Bonaparte's escape from Elba—Empress Marie Louise and the King of Rome at Schönbrunn—Declaration of the European powers.

To return to Paris.

On the 23rd of January, the Duke of Wellington took leave of the King in a secret audience, which lasted a considerable time. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, secretary of legation, was to act for the Duke in his absence. Upon his Grace's return to his hotel, I was apprised that, upon the following morning, the late General then Colonel Freemantle and myself, were to have the honour of accompanying the Ambassador to Vienna.

Our journey was a most delightful one, and often do I look back with feelings of the greatest gratitude and pleasure, to the good fortune that enabled me to participate in so great a privilege as being the companion of the great hero. The Duke travelled in an English carriage, with his valet, Tesson, on a seat on the roof, and a courier in advance. Anxious to lose no time on the road, we breakfasted and dined in the carriage, our meals consisted of game, pies, cold fowls and tongue, *pâtés de foie gras*, with the choicest pure claret from the Duke's own cellars.

With the exception of four hours during the night, we never stopped upon the road between Paris and Vienna, and here the Duke's powers of falling at once to sleep came into effect; for no sooner had we reached the inn, than, the courier having made preparations, his Grace went immediately to bed, and at the hour named for starting, he appeared perfectly refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted during that brief period; while we, the two *attachés*, looked

what is called, with more truth than elegance, "extremely seedy," having passed our time in eating supper, and then lying down in our clothes before the hot German stove, until it was time to make our toilet previously to departure.

But to our journey. I pass over the first three days of it, as it presented little of interest; on the 27th of January we reached Strasburg, and crossed the Rhine without stopping, sleeping at Saverne, in Alsace; on the 28th at Stutgard, on the 29th, we passed Augsburg, and reached Munich — after remaining a short time with Sir George Rose, we continued our journey. On the 30th, we slept at Braunau, reaching Vienna on the 2nd of February.

Here the Duke was received with the highest distinction. Crowned heads, princes, and peasants, were equally anxious to behold *Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du Monde*; wherever he showed himself he was received in the most enthusiastic manner. A splendid mansion had been prepared for his Grace in

the Mineritzin Platz, and every honour that could be shown was showered upon him.

Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the city, thronged as it was with crowned heads, ambassadors, ministers, and general officers. The streets were crowded with equestrians and pedestrians; groups of military were parading about in every quarter; the balconies were filled with fair spectators; the hurrahs of the populace, as some distinguished personage made his appearance, the beating of the drums, the sound of martial music, the firing of cannon, the ringing of the bells, gave the appearance of a grand national *fête*.

The hours not devoted to business were occupied in hunting, shooting, drives to the Prater and Augarten, promenades on the ramparts and Belvidere gardens: in large dinners, evening assemblies, balls, *petits soupers*, theatrical representations, private and public.

One of the most splendid sights was the *fête* given in honour of the battle of

Leipsic. Upon this occasion 20,000 men were assembled in the Prater. At eleven o'clock, the allied Sovereigns, with Wellington and other distinguished strangers, accompanied by a brilliant staff, came upon the ground, and were received with military honours, the numerous bands playing the national airs of the country. The troops then formed into square, and the *Te Deum* was chanted by innumerable warrior voices, in the most inspiriting manner.

The troops then defiled in presence of their Majesties—the Archduke Constantine being at the head of his regiment of cuirassiers. Dinner was then served to the potentates, the officers, and the men. The Sovereigns dined in the villa at one end of the Prater, and the troops on the field. Among the spectacles nothing could exceed the magnificence of the Carrousel, which was performed by the younger scions of noble birth, and took place in the imperial riding-school.

This scene has been so vividly described

by a noble author of that day, that we will quote his account. “The riding-school was a large building, surrounded by a narrow gallery about twelve feet from the ground, communicating with the apartments of the palace, and running behind the handsome Corinthian columns which supported a second gallery above: the whole was most brilliantly illuminated.

“The accommodations were calculated to hold about a thousand spectators—the seats at one end of the school being set apart for the crowned heads and their party, and at the other for four-and-twenty ladies, whom we were to consider as the objects who upon this occasion were to call forth the skill and prowess of the aspiring knights.

“At eight o’clock the heralds announced the entrance of these fair ladies, who, conducted by the champion knights, took their places of distinction. One would have imagined that all the riches of Vienna had been collected to adorn these Queens of Beauty. Their dresses of velvet and gold were covered

with precious jewels. The knights were in Spanish costume, splendidly adorned with gold and silver.

“ The trumpets now sounded to announce the arrival of the court. On the entrance of the sovereigns the band struck up the national air of ‘ God save the Emperor,’ and shouts and acclamations rent the roof. The Emperors of Russia and Austria took their seats in the centre, with the Empresses on each side, and then all the other sovereigns, princes, and potentates, in their order of precedence. All were in full uniform, and formed as magnificent an assemblage as Europe could produce.

“ *There* might be seen the shrunken *anatomie* of the Austrian Emperor, the manly figure of the Autocrat of Russia, the solemn gait of the King of Prussia, whose tall form contrasted with that of Denmark’s diminutive king; the English-looking face of the King of Bavaria, the fine forms of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and his brother, the Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians; the

handsome dark military figure of the Vice-roy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnois; and last, not least, the simple manly form of Wellington.

“ The building now resounded with martial airs, and the twenty-four knights entered the arena, mounted on their gallant steeds, whose natural colours were scarcely to be traced through their gold embroidered trappings. The knights, attended by their esquires in more simple Spanish dresses, mounted on jet black horses, approached the sovereigns in a body, and saluted with their lances. Then, wheeling round with rapidity, they advanced, and paid the same mark of respect to their ladies, who, standing up, graciously returned their salutation.

“ Trials of skill now took place, which lasted until the ball commenced in the grand saloon of the Redoute. In conclusion, the whole amply realized every anticipation of an imperial entertainment. Whatever was august in sovereignty, warlike in the field, great in the senate, assisted as spectators,

and not a knight entered the lists in whose veins the noblest blood did not flow.

“The scene forcibly called to mind the days of ancient chivalry, when these military sports formed so large a part of the amusements of the European courts.”

Independent of Talleyrand’s witticism, “*Le Congrès dance, mais il ne marche pas*,” the foreign and English newspapers were indulging their satire at the wise heads assembled at Vienna. Among the best was the following, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*.

“We learn from high sources a project is made
How Vienna’s grand Congress the Christmas will
spend :
Since public affairs have so long been delayed;
They may very well wait till the holidays end.

“*King and Queen’s* to be drawn on a *Saxony cake*,
To be gained in one slice—’twill be very much
followed :
While a good *Twelfth-night* monarch the ex-king will
make,
In title a King, though his kingdom is swallowed.

“The Dane has long played the *Game Royal* of Goose ;
His neighbour the Swede as sly *Renard* will labour,
And Prussia’s great King, though much out of use,
Is still reckoned skilful at *Beggar my neighbour*.

“At *Polish Drafts* Russia, his power will try ;
People think he will win the game easy enough :
For England to meet him appears very shy,
And with the Pope Austria plays *Blindman’s Buff*.

“France with Naples and Sicily *Forfeits* will play ;
And while thus engaged no person can blame us,
If our ministers here against Christmas day
Have rehearsed a long time to perform *Ignoramus*.”

But to return to Vienna and its amusements.

No sooner had the frost set in, than all the wheeled carriages disappeared, and the streets were crowded with sledges. The Emperor had appointed a day for a party to one of his palaces, some distance from the city. Wellington and his staff were invited guests. At two o’clock, on a fine bright afternoon, the procession, consisting of forty sledges, left the palace, preceded and followed by a band of music and escort of cavalry.

Nothing could be more animated than the appearance of the *traineaux*, their brilliant ornaments of gold and silver, their linings of the richest velvet and most expensive furs. The horses caparisoned in cloth of gold, with plumes and ribands upon their heads and necks, each bearing a mass of silver or gilded bells across their shoulders, were strikingly beautiful, and the picturesque costumes of the coachmen in their cloaks of sable, and the *chasseurs* in the liveries of their respective masters, were equally attractive.

The return of the procession by torch-light had a most imposing effect. But to the subject of our brief memoir.

On the 12th of February the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia gave a grand dinner, at which the Duke of Wellington and Prince Swartzenberg were present. During the evening, the Imperial host proposed a variety of toasts in honour of the day and of his distinguished guests.

The frost was now beginning to break

up, and no sooner had the thaw set in, than the Duke of Wellington took to hunting, with the hounds then kept by Lord Stewart, the present Marquis of Londonderry. It was a gratifying sight to see this truly national diversion introduced into Hungary. The turn-out was thoroughly English; the hounds English, and horses English; master, huntsmen, and whippers-in, all decked out in English costume.

To proceed. Upon the 7th of March, a numerous party of Royal and noble sportsmen had met at Eisenstadt, the residence of Prince Esterhazy, where a stag was to be turned out.

Wellington was not of the party; during the morning some rumours had been spread abroad, which many (who like myself were intent upon the sport) had paid little or no attention to; at last, I could not fail to see, by the looks of all, that some great event had occurred, and approaching Eugène Beauharnois, I asked him the cause of the abstraction into which he, with many others, had fallen.

“Have you not heard of the event fraught with so great an interest to all the world?” responded the Viceroy of Italy. “Napoleon has escaped from his prison in the Isle of Elba, accompanied by all his civil and military officers, and twelve hundred faithful followers.”

Young as I was, and inexperienced in politics, I could not but feel that this important event would probably lead to the immediate departure of the Duke from Vienna. Clapping spurs to my hunter, accompanied by the present Earl of Uxbridge, then Lord Paget, we galloped across the country, and reached the city in an almost incredibly short space of time.

There we found every one, from the highest to the lowest, discussing the escape of the exiled Emperor, and were soon made acquainted with the fact, that on the 24th of February, Bonaparte had sailed from Porto Ferrajo in one of his own brigs, the *Inconstant*, followed by six smaller vessels; that a few Frenchmen, several Corsicans

Elbese, and Poles, had accompanied him; that *L'homme du Siècle* had encountered two great risks—first, in meeting a royal French frigate, which hailed the Inconstant; and secondly, in the pursuit of the British sloop of war, the Partridge, which had followed with the determination to capture or sink the flotilla. We further heard that the Emperor had landed (with the troops and five pieces of artillery) at Cannes, in the Gulf of St. Juan, in Provence, between Frejus and Antibes.

From the 7th of March, the day upon which the courier reached the Duke of Wellington with despatches from Lord Burghersh, the present Earl of Westmoreland, every hour teemed with some new event, and in due course of time we were informed that, on leaving Cannes, Napoleon had taken the road that leads by Grasse, through the department of the Var, to Digne, in the department of the Lower Alps. That on the 3rd he was at St. Valier, on the 4th at Bareme, and at night bivouacked

near Digne. On the 5th, he was two miles from Sisteron, on the road to Grenoble.

No sooner did he reach the latter place, than it opened its gates to receive him; and the 7th regiment, with their colonel, Labedoyère, joined his ranks. Napoleon then advanced with his eagle to Lyons, which he entered at the head of six hundred horse, where he was joined by the troops in garrison; thence to Maçon and Chalons. At Laons-le-Saulnier, Ney, "the bravest of the brave," had joined the ranks of his former general, despite of his declaration that he would bring Bonaparte to Paris, like a wild beast in a cage.

During the days we remained at Vienna, politics alone were discussed, and never was there a scene more replete with interest than was this city during that brief period. The Empress Marie Louise, with her son, the infant King of Rome, then styled the Prince of Parma, were living in seclusion at Schönbrunn—in the very palace where

Napoleon had established his head-quarters, and where he dictated the terms of peace to the House of Austria. In the same city too, where, within nine years, the French army had upon two occasions entered in triumph, the powers who had signed the treaty of Paris made the celebrated declaration that—

“ Napoleon Bonaparte, by again appearing in France with projects of confusion and disorder, has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and in consequence has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations; and as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, has rendered himself liable to public vengeance.”

This was signed by—

Austria, PRINCE METTERNICH.

“ BARON WISSEMBERG.

Spain . P. GOMEZ LABRADOR.

France . PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

“ THE DUKE OF DALBERG.

“ LATOUR DU PIN.

“ COUNT ALEXIS DE NOAILLES.

<i>Great Britain</i> ,	WELLINGTON.
"	CLANCARTY.
"	CATHCART.
"	STEWART.
<i>Portugal</i>	COUNT PALMELLA.
"	SALDOUHA LOBS.
<i>Prussia</i>	PRINCE HARDENBERG.
"	BARON HUMBOLDT.
<i>Russia</i>	COUNT RASUMOWSKY.
"	COUNT STACKELBERG.
"	COUNT NESSELRODE.
<i>Sweden</i>	LAEMENHELM.

During this eventful time it would be impossible to convey an idea of the bustle which prevailed in and about the palace. Multitudes were hourly collecting to see the crowned heads and other great dignitaries. Every five minutes the guards were turned out to pay the proper compliments to the assembled sovereigns, and as the representatives of the Allied Powers made their appearance, they were greeted with the acclamations and cheers of the populace.

Especial attention from all classes was shown to Wellington, Metternich, Nesselrode, Hardenberg, Talleyrand, and Castle-reagh, who formed a concentration of political talent that could not be equalled.

Shortly after the above-mentioned declaration was made public, the powers that signed it bound themselves, on behalf of their respective sovereigns, to maintain inviolably the treaty of Paris; to keep each one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field, and not lay down their arms until the peace of Europe was restored by the annihilation of Napoleon Bonaparte. During this period the Duke remained in constant readiness, expecting every day to leave Vienna; but it was not until the morning of the 29th, that, accompanied by Colonel Freemantle and myself, he finally took his departure. Proceeding without delay, we reached Frankfort on the 2nd, and arrived at Brussels on the 5th of April.

To prove the rapidity of our journey, we passed at Cologne on the 4th, the courier

that had left Vienna on the 28th of March. At the last mentioned town we ascertained that Napoleon had reached Fontainbleau, near which, at Meulun, one hundred thousand men were posted. In the meantime, proclamations had been issued by the French government declaring Bonaparte a traitor, and counter-proclamations to the French people, signed Napoleon, were dispersed throughout the towns favourable to the late Emperor.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke arrives at Brussels—Holds a conference with Blucher—Proclamation of Napoleon at Avesnes—The Duchess of Richmond's ball—Wellington at Waterloo.

ARRIVED at Brussels, Wellington devoted the whole of his time and energies to those military preparations which afterwards terminated so triumphantly at the ever memorable battle of Waterloo. On the 8th of April, the Duke left for Ghent, accompanied by Baron Fagel, the Russian general Drussen, and other distinguished characters, to pay his respects to the King of France. His Grace returned on the 28th, and shortly went on a tour of inspection. On the 28th the Duke gave a grand

concert, ball, and supper, which was attended by their Majesties the King and Queen of Holland, the Hereditary Prince of Orange, the Ducs de Berri and Bourbon, Sir Charles Stuart, and all the distinguished residents and visitors at Brussels.

On the 3rd of May, the Duke left for Liege, to hold a conference with Prince Marshal Blucher, relative to the opening of the campaign.

On the 22nd, Wellington reviewed the army of the Duke of Brunswick, near Brussels; and on the 24th, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge. Previous to this period the Duke had told me, in the most kind and considerate manner, that as he was anxious to replace on his personal staff those officers who had served with him in the Peninsula, he could no longer retain me.

At first, this sounded like a death-blow to my hopes, for need I say how anxious I was to have remained in the immediate service of this great warrior during the ensuing campaign? My regret, however, was

considerably lessened by his Grace assuring me "that I should be re-appointed to the first vacancy on his staff." And strictly—most strictly, was this promise kept; for, at the deaths of poor Canning and Gordon, who fell in the service of their chief upon the plains of Waterloo, I appeared in orders as extra Aid-de-camp to the Commander-in Chief, and joined the Duke in time to march with him at the head of the Allied Army into Paris.

To return to Wellington. During the period that preceded the operations in the field, his Grace was daily occupied with matters connected with the shortly expected campaign; but these did not interfere with his entering into and joining the society then assembled at Brussels. His presence at the ball given by the late Duchess of Richmond in *La Rue de la Blanchisseuse*, is well known, having been immortalized in verse by Byron, and in prose by Thackeray; well do I remember the calm serenity that beamed over the countenance of the Duke, upon that highly

interesting occasion; nor shall I ever forget the warm shake of the hand that he extended to me, among others, or the fervent good wishes he offered to his old friends the late Duke and Duchess of Richmond, as he quitted their hospitable mansion, to prepare for that warfare which was to decide the destinies of Europe.

In the meantime, Bonaparte was making every preparation for the campaign, as will be seen by the following proclamation:—

Napoléon, par la Grâce de Dieu et les Constitutions de l'Empire, Empereur des Français, etc., à la Grande Armée.

Au Quartier Impérial, à Avesnes,
le 14 Juin 1815.

Soldats!

C'est aujourd'hui l'anniversaire de Marengo et de Friedland qui décida deux fois du destin de l'Europe. Alors, comme après Austerlitz, comme après Wagram, nous fûmes trop généreux! nous crûmes aux protestations et aux sermens des Princes que nous laissâmes sur le trône! Aujour-

d'hui cependant, coalisés entre eux, ils en veulent à l'indépendance et aux droits les plus sacrés de la France. Ils ont commencé la plus injuste des agressions. Marchons donc à leur rencontre. Eux et nous ne sommes-nous plus les mêmes hommes ?

Soldats ! à Jéna, contre les mêmes Prussiens, aujourd'hui si arrogans, vous étiez un contre trois ; et à Montmirail, un contre six ! Que ceux d'entre vous qui ont été prisonniers des Anglais, vous fassent les récits de leurs pontons et des maux affreux qu'ils ont soufferts ! Les Saxons, les Belges, les Hanoviens, les soldats de la Confédération du Rhin, gémissent d'être obligés de prêter leurs bras à la cause des Princes ennemis de la justice et des droits de tous les peuples ; ils savent que cette coalition est insatiable ! Après avoir dévoré douze millions de Polonois, douze millions d'Italiens, un million de Saxons, six millions de Belges, elle devra dévorer les états du deuxième ordre de l'Allemagne. Les insensés ! un moment de prospérité les aveugle. L'oppression et

l'humiliation du peuple Français sont hors de leur pouvoir! S'ils entrent en France, ils y trouveront leur tombeau!

Soldats! nous avons des marches forcées à faire, des batailles à livrer, des perils à courir, mais avec de la constance, la victoire sera à nous; les droits, l'honneur et le bonheur de la patrie seront reconquis! Pour tout Français qui a du cœur, le moment est arrivé de vaincre ou de périr.

NAPOLEON.*

As from the night of the ball already alluded to, on the 15th of June, until twelve

* TRANSLATION.—Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the Constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French, &c. &c., to the Grand Army.

Imperial Quarters at Avesnes,
June 14th, 1815.

Soldiers!—This day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destinies of Europe. Then, as afterwards at Austerlitz, and at Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes whom we permitted to remain on the throne. Now, however,

o'clock on the day of the glorious eighteenth, I did not see his Grace, I will pass over the stirring events which happened during this interval, and bring myself to the field of Waterloo, where about an hour after the engagement had begun, I found myself again by the side of my illustrious chief. It is hardly possible to describe the calm manner in which the hero of that day gave his orders, and watched the movements and attacks of the enemy. In the midst of danger, bullets whistling close about him,

having entered into a league among themselves, they would destroy the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust aggression. Let us march on to meet them. They and ourselves— are we no longer the same men !

Soldiers !—At Jéna, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against three; and at Montmirail, one against six. Let those among you who have been prisoners of the English give an account of the dreadful sufferings which they have endured ! The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, deplore their being compelled to raise their arms in the cause of Princes, enemies of justice and of the rights of all Nations. They

round shot ploughing up the ground he occupied, and men and horses falling on every side, Wellington sat upon his favourite charger, Copenhagen, as collectedly as if he had been merely reviewing the household troops in Hyde Park.

At one time, the danger to which his Grace was exposed increased so much, that General Alava, one of his oldest and best friends, suggested that it would be advisable to move a few yards out of a straggling fire of some French fusiliers; to this, the chief

know that this coalition is insatiable. After having annihilated twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, they would also annihilate the States of the second order in Germany. The madmen! a moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are out of their power! If they enter France, they will there find their tombs!

Soldiers!—We have forced marches to make, battles to fight, perils to encounter, but with perseverance Victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of the country will be re-conquered! The moment has arrived for every Frenchman, whose heart beats for his country, to conquer or to die.

NAPOLÉON.

at once assented; but in reining back his charger, never for a moment took his eye off the enemy's line.

While upon the subject of the late General, I may allude to a remarkable circumstance that attended him, and which the Duke often referred to, namely, that Alava was present at two of the greatest victories of this century, by sea and land, viz., Trafalgar and Waterloo. At the former, he was on board the ship of one of his Spanish relatives; at the latter, by the side of his Peninsula commander, Wellington.

The battle of the 18th of June has been so often and so ably described, that I shall not dwell further upon the subject than to give an extract from one of the best works written upon it, and which fully bears me out in the opinion I have ever entertained of Wellington's noble and chivalrous conduct.

Captain Siborne, in his history of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, gives the following note: "At one period of the

battle, when the Duke was surrounded by several of his staff, it was very evident that the group had become the object of the fire of a French battery. The shot fell fast about them, generally striking and turning up the ground on which they stood. Their horses became restive, and 'Copenhagen' himself so fidgety, that the Duke, getting impatient, and having reasons for remaining on this spot, said to those about him, 'Gentlemen, we are rather too close together—better to divide a little.' Subsequently, at another point of the line, an officer of artillery came up to the Duke, and stated that he had a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff; that he had the guns of his battery well pointed in that direction, and was prepared to fire. His Grace instantly and emphatically exclaimed, 'No! No! I'll not allow it. It is not the business of commanders to be firing upon each other.'"

The result of the glorious battle of Waterloo produced the most wonderful effect in England. New honours were

showered on the victor. A message was conveyed to both Houses of Parliament from the Prince Regent, recommending them to enable his Royal Highness "to grant such additional provision to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington as shall afford a further proof of the opinion entertained by parliament of the Duke of Wellington's transcendent services, and of the gratitude and munificence of the British nation." The Lords and Commons unanimously concurred in a vote for adding the sum of £200,000 to the former grants, and the thanks of both Houses were afterwards voted to Wellington, Blucher, and other distinguished officers of the allied armies.

CHAPTER IX.

Letters from the Duke of Wellington to the Earl of Aberdeen and the Duke of Beaufort—Proclamation to the French—Wellington's precaution on his march to Paris—Excesses of the Prussians—Peronne—Cambrai—“Les Cent Jours,” by Alex. Dumas—French play-bill.

ON the 19th of June, Wellington returned to Brussels, and then arose the painful duty of announcing to the relatives, the deaths of those of his own staff who had fallen on the field of victory. Nothing could exceed the simplicity and tenderness of the Duke's letter to Lord Aberdeen on the death of his brother, or the honourable spirit that dictated the one to the Duke of Beaufort, informing him that Lord Fitzroy Somerset, since raised to the peerage (and never was honour more justly deserved) was severely wounded. He also wrote a letter of con-

dolence to Mrs. Canning, the mother of Colonel Canning, in which he offered the only consolation the afflicted and mourning heart could receive upon such an occasion —the assurance of the high sense this great man entertained for the amiable qualities and gallant services of her deceased son. We cannot refrain from giving copies of two of the letters we have alluded to, and which reflect such infinite honour on the heart of the writer.

TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T.

Bruxelles, 19th June, 1815.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother, in consequence of a wound received in our great battle of yesterday.

He has served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions; but he never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more than in our late actions.

He received the wound which occasioned his death when rallying one of the Brunswick battalions, which was shaking a little; and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation to us.

Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.

TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

Bruxelles, 19th June, 1815.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother, Fitzroy, is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me; and how *much* I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired. I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.

Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.

Wellington now joined his army, who

were victoriously marching towards the French capital. And to show his feelings towards his conquered foes, previous to quitting Malplaquet, he issued the following.

PROCLAMATION.

“ Je fais savoir aux Français que j'entre dans leur pays à la tête d'une armée déjà victorieuse, non en ennemi (excepté de l'usurpateur, prononcé l'ennemi du genre humain, avec lequel on ne peut avoir ni paix ni trêve), mais pour les aider à seconder le joug de fer par lequel ils sont opprimés.

“ En conséquence, j'ai donné les ordres, ci-joints* à mon armée, et je demande qu'on me fasse connaître tout infracteur.

“ Les Français savent cependant que j'ai

* Nivelles, 20th June, 1815.

GENERAL ORDER.—As the army is about to enter the French territory, the troops of the nations which are at present under the command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington are desired to recollect that their respective sovereigns are the allies of his Majesty the King of France, and that France ought, therefore, to be treated as a friendly country. It is therefore required that nothing should be taken either by officers or soldiers for which payment be not made.”

le droit d'exiger qu'ils se conduisent de manière que je puisse les protéger contre ceux qui voudraient leur faire du mal.

“ Il faut donc qu'ils fournissent aux réquisitions qui leur seront faites de la part des personnes autorisées à les faire en échange pour des reçus en forme et ordre; et qu'ils se tiennent chez eux paisiblement, et qu'ils n'aient correspondance ou communication avec l'usurpateur ennemi, ni avec ses adhérents.

“ Tous ceux qui s'absenteront de leur domicile après l'entrée en France, et tous ceux qui se trouveront absens au service de l'usurpateur, seront considérés comme ses adhérents et comme ennemis; et leurs propriétés seront affectées à la subsistance de l'armée.

“ Donné au Quartier-Général à Malplaquet,
ce 22 de Juin, 1815.

“ WELLINGTON.”

How characteristic is the above of the justice and impartiality of Wellington, who

makes no difference between the higher and lower grades of his army.

When, at a later period, some highway robberies were committed by the British troops near Beauvais, the Duke wrote to the officer commanding the brigade of cavalry, holding him responsible that a stop should be put to those disgraceful practices, and ordering, if other means failed, "that guards and a chain of videttes in sight of each other, should be placed along the high road, through the whole length of the cantonments, the rolls to be called every hour during the day and night, at which officers and men were to be present."

It will thus be seen, that every precaution was taken by the Duke to ensure the orderly conduct of his troops on the march to Paris; and, to the honour of the English nation be it recorded, that in the ranks of the British army, with the exception of the one referred to, scarcely an excess took place. Not so among the Dutch-Belgian troops, who committed every species of outrage. Two of

the officers, who had participated in such breaches of discipline, were reported to his Grace, who immediately put in force the general order of the 20th of June, by punishing the offenders with the utmost rigour of martial law.

To show that some of the allied forces were not quite as merciful to their enemies as the British troops were, I must mention a circumstance that occurred on the march to, and within fifty miles of, Paris. During the night, a brother officer and myself arrived at a small hamlet, occupied by a detachment of Prussian troops, under the command of a non-commissioned officer. My companion, having been wounded on the 18th of June, found it difficult to mount his horse, and was proceeding to join the army in his buggy, when as we drove along, one of the wheels became so hot, that we found it impossible to proceed further than the next village, which fortunately was close at hand. Upon reaching it, we were challenged by the sentry, who, seeing we were English officers, called the serjeant of the

guard. That worthy individual shortly made his appearance, when we attempted in vain to make known to him, that all we required was some grease for the wheels. Finding he could not understand the French or English languages, we pointed to a cupboard in the temporary guardroom, and, with pantomimic movements, attempted to explain our wants. The cupboard was opened, but nothing of an oleaginous quality was there to be found.

We were proceeding to another cottage, when an idea seemed to flash across the mind of our conductor, that we were in search of plunder, either of food or liquor. Calling out a file of men, he made a forcible entry into every tenement in the village, the inhabitants of which, with some few exceptions, had quitted their homes in the morning. Breaking open every drawer and cupboard, the serjeant made signs to us to do as we pleased; but, to his great surprise, we rejected every rural eatable and beverage that was offered us. At length we came in sight of a large piece of lard, which we

rushed at and seized, tendering compensation to the tenant in the shape of a five franc piece, which, unknown to our guides, we slipped into the peasant's hands. The panic-struck villager, seeing us so voracious after lard, must have taken us for genuine Don Cossacks, although payment upon such occasions was not the characteristic of that predatory race. With this long-sought prize we hastily joined our vehicle, and proceeded on our journey. At day-break we witnessed a conflagration in our rear, and heard that the formerly peaceful hamlet where our adventure of the previous night occurred, had been set on fire, by the detachment who were so willing to offer us their assistance in plundering the unoffending inhabitants.

We must now, for a brief period, take leave of Wellington and his army, upon their march to Paris, passing over the surrender of Cambray, on the 25th of June, which fort was given over to Louis XVIII., who, with his court and troops, arrived there the following day, and the taking of Peronne la Pucelle (as this town

was called, from her former immaculacy), and proceed to give a very slight sketch of what had passed in France during *les cent jours*.

“ Chacun connaît le retour de l'île d'Elbe, retour étrange, miraculeux qui, sans exemple dans le passé, restera probablement sans imitation dans l'avenir. Louis XVIII. n'essaya que faiblement de parer ce coup si rude; son peu de confiance dans les hommes lui ôtait sa confiance dans les événements. La royauté ou plutôt la monarchie, à peine reconstituée par lui, trembla sur la base encore incertaine, et un seul geste de l'Empereur fit couler tout cet édifice, mélange informe de vieux préjugés et d'idées nouvelles.”

So writes Alexandre Dumas, in one of his most amusing works, and Barrington, in his personal sketches, gives a graphic account of the effect produced in France upon the return of Napoleon. “ The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled countenances

of the neutrals, were mingled together in the oddest combinations. Throughout the principal towns, everybody seemed to be talking at once; and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character, in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle,—each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, *douaniers*, military officers, were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive feeling; one sensation alone seemed common to all,—that of astonishment.” It was amusing to one who, like myself, had heard the shouts of the Bourbonites in the preceding year, and who had seen the white flag and the royal banners floating from every battlement and tower, to witness the transformations that had taken place within a few months. The tri-coloured standard and the eagle were to be met with in every town upon our road to Paris, and, in another month, by the magic wand of Wellington, they were again changed to the emblems of the royalists.

Among other jocosities, the following

political squib, in the shape of a dramatic *jeu d'esprit*, was posted one night over Paris, and created no little sensation:—

THEATRE DE L'AMBITION,
PLACE DU CARROUSEL, OU DE L'ELYSEE BOURBON.

Aujourd'hui,
Au Bénéfice d'une famille indigente de Corse,
la première représentation, de
L'EMPEREUR MALGRE TOUT LE MONDE.

Pièce tragi-heroï-comique, ornée de toute
son Spectacle.

Cette pièce sera précédée des
PRINCES ET PRINCESSES SANS LE SAVOIR.

FOLIE BURLESQUE.

Le Spectacle sera terminé par un Ballet
D'ESCLAVES !

et une entrée des Cosaques, avec divertissement.

De l'Imprimerie de Misfortune, Paris.

Part of the above announcement was shortly afterwards practically carried out by the “grand equestrian entrée,” as the play-bills at Astley’s call it, of the Cossacks into the Champs Elysées.

CHAPTER X.

Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris—Review of the Allied Armies—Labedoyère and Ney sentenced to death—Wellington's life in danger from an assassin.

WE must now hasten on, and bring our readers to Paris, around which the army of the allied powers was encamped. The last days of the imperial government had faded away; Fouché had surrendered the capital to the invaders; and the gallant French soldiers, dispirited and crest fallen, had marched out of the city, to retire behind the Loire. The brave troops that had assembled at Vilette, under the command of Davoust, and who would have rather died on the field than have turned their backs upon their opponents, were compelled to

join their comrades, and to consummate, in temporary exile, the downfall of their beloved Emperor. The brigade to which I was attached was bivouacked in the *Bois de Boulogne*, while a beautiful villa in the neighbourhood furnished a most comfortable residence for my general and his personal staff.

It was an interesting sight on the first Sunday after our tents were pitched in the above wood, to see a square formed of those who had escaped death in the recent short but terrible campaign, and to hear from the eloquent lips of the respected chaplain words of consolation to the friends and relatives of the fallen, and appeals to the hearts of those present to devote their lives to the service of Him who in the hour of danger had protected and preserved them. Not a few tears trickled down the sun-burnt and weather-beaten visages of many a warrior, as he listened with grateful acknowledgment to the doctrines of the day-spring of his hopes, so ably promulgated by the minister

of religion. Within a few days of the triumphal entry of the victors into Paris, I was appointed an extra aid-de-camp to my former chief, Wellington, and had the gratification of marching into the capital as one of his personal staff.

Previous to this period, Napoleon had issued the following

DECLARATION AU PEUPLE FRANÇAIS.

Au Palais de l'Elysée,
le 22 Juin, 1815.

Français !

En commençant la guerre pour soutenir l'indépendance nationale, je comptais sur la réunion de tous les efforts, de toutes les volontés, et le concours de toutes les autorités nationales; j'étais fondé à en espérer le succès, et j'avais bravé toutes les déclarations des puissances contre moi.

Les circonstances me paraissent changées. Je m'offre en sacrifice à la haine des ennemis de la France. Puissent-ils être sincères dans leur déclarations, et n'en avoir réelle-

ment voulu qu'à ma personne ! Ma vie politique est terminée, et je proclame mon fils, sous le titre de Napoléon II., Empereur des Français.

Les ministres actuels formeront provisoirement le conseil de gouvernement. L'intérêt que je porte à mon fils m'engage à inviter les Chambres à organiser sans délai la Régence par une loi.

Unissez-vous tous pour le salut public et pour rester une nation indépendante.

NAPOLEON.*

* TRANSLATION.—Declaration to the People of France.

Palace of the Elysée,
June 22nd, 1815.

Frenchmen !

In commencing the war to uphold the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the co-operation of all the national authorities. I was justified therefrom in hoping for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me.

Circumstances now appear to me to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. Would that they were sincere in their declarations, and intended really no ill but against myself!

A few days after the above proclamation was issued, a "foul transaction" was proposed to Wellington, respecting the murder of his late opponent. The Duke's answer is characteristic, and deserves a place in this record—

Orville, *June 28th, 1815.*

MY DEAR STUART,

I send you my despatches, which will make you acquainted with the state of affairs. You may show them to Talleyrand if you choose. General —— has been here this day, to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered, that I have no authority. The Russians think the Jacobins wish to

my political life is closed, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French.

The present ministry will provisionally form the council of government. The interest which I feel in my son prompts me to call upon the Chambers to organize, without delay, the Regency by a law.

Let all unite for the public safety, and to remain an independent nation.

NAPOLEON.

give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. B——* wishes to kill him; that I shall remonstrate against, and shall insist of his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said, that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in those transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint another executioner, who should not be me.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

To Sir Charles Stuart, G.C.B.

“Le dominateur du monde,” as Thiers termed Napoleon, after a life passed in glory, was now compelled to throw himself upon the clemency and generosity of England. How that act was responded to by this country, does not become me to comment

* Blucher.

upon; suffice it to say, that after a period of thirty-seven years, the beautiful lines of Byron, upon the exile of St. Helena, have in some degree been realized, if not in his own person, in that of his nephew.

“ Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that
has bound us,
Then turn thee, and call on the Chief of thy choice !”

France has turned, and called upon the chief of her choice; and, in the present Emperor, has found one of the wisest and bravest men that has ever ruled over her destinies; brave, not alone in animal courage, for that is the characteristic of every Frenchman, but morally brave,—animated with but one motive—the good of his country—Napoleon III. proceeds firmly and conscientiously in what he conceives the right path of duty. No threats from the anarchists,

no taunts from the legitimists, no hostility from his own supporters, will induce him to swerve to the right or the left.

Long, long may he live,
The Napoleon of peace!

Return we to Paris, where, upon a fine bright sunny day in the month of June, the allied army entered the city. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwartzenberg, the Hetman Platoff, clad in gorgeous uniforms and mounted on their fiery war-steeds, attracted much attention; and the moment they appeared the crowd raised the shout of "*Vivent les Alliés! Vivent nos libérateurs! Vivent les Bourbons!*" There was *one*, however, in the pageant decked out in no gaudy apparel, mounted on a noble creature of muscular power, whose full, bright chestnut coat was unadorned by trappings of gold and silver. Every eye was turned upon the rider of that faithful, enduring animal, who had carried his master throughout the longest

battle-day—unquestionably Wellington and “Copenhagen,” upon the occasion I refer to, were the greatest objects of attention to the assembled populace. The Grand Duke Constantine separated himself from the *cortége*, and took his station on one side of the Boulevards, to inspect the army of forty thousand men, as they marched past him. The Sovereigns then retired to their quarters, the Czar to the Hôtel of Prince Talleyrand, in the Rue St. Florentin; the King of Prussia to the Palace of Eugène Beauharnais in the Rue de Lille. So great was the enthusiasm of the fickle Parisians, that they gathered in the Rue Castiglione, to greet their liberators, while one or two infatuated Royalists attempted to beat down the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme. In the meantime the Duke had communicated the result of the campaign and triumphal entry into Paris to the English Secretary-at-War in the following brief and unostentatious lines.

Paris, *July 8th, 1815.*

MY LORD,

In consequence of the convention with the enemy, of which I transmitted your Lordship the copy in my despatch of the 4th, the troops under my command, and that of Field Marshal Prince Blucher, occupied the barriers of Paris on the 6th, and entered the city yesterday, which has ever since been perfectly quiet.

The King of France entered Paris this day.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

WELLINGTON.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

Although foreigners of every nation were congregated in Paris, but little occurred worthy of notice until the 24th of July, when the British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops were reviewed in the Champs Elysées, by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and King of Prussia. The

crowned heads and general officers occupied the centre of the Place Louis XV., near the spot where the ill-fated King Louis XVI. was beheaded. The light-hearted Parisians, not in the least dejected by the late disastrous events of the campaign, walked, danced, chatted, smoked, and jested, as if nothing had occurred ; they laughed at the *sans culotte* costume of the Highlanders, nicknamed the Cossacks “*Les Cupidons du Nord* ;” and from their green uniform, gave the sobriquet of *les Cornichons*, to the Russian infantry. One man, a vendor of ginger-bread nuts, created much merriment by his roulette-table. I will attempt to Anglicise his witticisms :—

“Whoever wishes for a prize must first *put down a louis*.” He then proceeded,— Numbers from one to twenty are vacant. “*Dix-huit est le bon numero, il est sorti une fois—il est sorti deux fois, et je crois bien qu'il sortira encore une troisième.*”

This allusion to “*Le Prefet d'Angleterre*,” as the newly-restored monarch was con-

temptuously termed, was received with shouts by the Bonapartists.

Among other witty sayings, the furniture at the Tuileries gave rise to the following:—The curtains and hangings being still decorated with the imperial *N*, some one remarked—“*Ah, le pauvre Empereur, il a des N-mis (enemies) partout;*” nor did the triumphal car, in the front of the palace, escape jocose observation,—for upon one occasion, when “*L’inevitable Louis*” appeared at the window, a man in the crowd, seeing the car without the horses, pointedly exclaimed—“*Oh ! voilà, le Char l’attend ! le (Charlatan.)*”

A political squib was shortly afterwards placarded over Paris, and ran as follows:—No translation could do justice to it.

“*Les Royalistes visitant les travaux de Montmartre.*

“*Monsieur, malgré ces préparatifs, on dit que notre bon Roi va revenir avec sa famille par la Plaine des Vertus.*”

“*Non, monsieur ; j’ai l’ordre de la marche*

dans ma poche. Le Roi entrera *en fauteuil* par la barrière *du Roule*; le Comte D'Artois par la barrière *des Bons Hommes*; le Duc et la Duchesse D'Angoulême par la barrière *des Martyrs*; le Duc de Berri par la barrière *du Gros Caillou*; Messieurs du Blacas, Chateau-Brillant, et tout le Ministère par la barrière *d'Enfer*; et enfin les Alliés par la barrière *de Pantin*, parceque la barrière *du Trône* sera trop bien gardée."

The city was now all gaiety. On the 31st of July, the Duke gave a dinner of forty, which was followed by a ball and supper. About the middle of August, a gloom was thrown over French society, Labédoyère having been sentenced to death. Every exertion was made to spare his life, but without avail. Nothing could exceed his bravery in his last moments; without waiting to have his eyes bandaged, he uncovered his breast to the veterans who were to shoot him, and exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice, "Be sure not to miss me." In a second afterwards, he was a lifeless corpse.

Within a few months another sanguinary act threw a dark hue over the restoration,—the execution of Ney. Neither the indomitable courage nor the gallant exploits of this brave warrior, could soften the heart of Louis XVIII. But of this more anon.

On the 16th of August, Wellington gave a superb banquet and ball. Among the guests were the Emperor of Russia, the Archdukes, King of Prussia, his two sons, and "Mein leiber Fürst" Blucher, as the Duke was wont to call the veteran.

During the summer, a miscreant attempted the life of Wellington, by firing a pistol at the hero, which happily missed its aim. It would have been a lamentable end to the career of this great man, after escaping the dangers of a hundred battles, to have fallen by the hand of an assassin. The ball, fortunately, was directed too high, and gave rise to the following epigram,—a futile attempt at satire, but which doubtless the French Peter Pindar thought sublime:—

“ Mal ajuster est un défaut,
Il le manqua, et voici comme,
L'Imbecille visa trop haut,
Il l'avoit pris, pour *un grand homme.*”

Wellington could well afford to treat this effusion with sovereign contempt; and we should not have alluded to it, had it not been the topic of much conversation at the time.

CHAPTER XI.

Letter to the Mayor of Brussels signed "Wellington, Prince of Waterloo"—Trial of Marshal Ney—Condemnation and sentence—Justification of the Duke.

ANXIOUS to bear testimony to the inhabitants of Brussels for their extreme humanity towards the brave men who were wounded in the actions of the 16th and 18th of June, the Duke addressed the following letter to the Mayor of Brussels:—

Paris, *August 13th, 1815.*

MONSIEUR LE MAIRE,

I take this opportunity to write to you, in order to thank you, and to request you to make known my gratitude to the inhabitants of Brussels and the environs, for the care and the kindness they have shown to the wounded officers and soldiers of the

army under my command. The service which we have had it in our power to render the city of Brussels, in saving it from the hands of a cruel enemy, by the efforts that have been made, and by the bravery of the troops, almost under its very walls, gave us reason to hope that the inhabitants would relieve, as far as lay in their power, those who had been the victims; but I did not expect the tender cares, the kindness which the inhabitants have displayed towards us, and I beg you to believe and to let them know, that their conduct has made upon us all an impression which will never be effaced from our memory. I well know of what value, on such occasions, is the example of the magistrate, and I beg you, Monsieur le Maire, to believe that I duly appreciate that which you have given.

I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Maire,

Your most obedient and
Most humble servant,

WELLINGTON,
Prince of Waterloo.

To return to Paris. Early in September, an English gentleman of the name of Keen was assassinated by a Frenchman on the Boulevards, near the Rue Taitbout. The Duke offered a considerable reward for the discovery of the murderer, but without effect, as the dastardly coward who had thus unprovokedly attacked an unoffending person, with a sword-stick, took advantage of the confusion to make his escape.

Towards the end of the month, the States-General at Brussels unanimously voted a dotation to the Duke, as Prince of Waterloo, of an estate on the scene of his most successful triumph.

Although hostilities had ceased, France was still far from being in a state of internal tranquillity. Two royal ordinances had been issued; the first declaring that a number of members of the former chamber of peers, who had accepted seats in that summoned by Bonaparte, had abdicated their rank, and could no longer form part of that chamber. The second published a list of

those generals and officers who had betrayed the king before the 23rd of March, or who had attacked France or the government by force of arms, — all of whom were to be arrested and brought before courts-martial.

The freedom of the press, too, had been assailed; and, by a royal decree, all the licences hitherto granted to public journals of every description, were revoked. A new army was to be organized in lieu of that about to be disbanded. But the cause of the greatest anxiety to Wellington must have been the bitter animosity that existed between the Prussians and the French, independent of the important and all-absorbing question as to whether the Museum of the Louvre, enriched by Bonaparte's conquests, should be respected. At the capitulation of Paris, in 1814, the principal works of art contained in it remained untouched; and, upon a similar demand being made at the time I refer to, the allied generals, feeling that the day of retribution had arrived, de-

clined to grant it. Prussia was the first in the field; Blucher, on his entrance into Paris, peremptorily demanded from the director, M. Denon, the spoils of Berlin, Potsdam, Cologne, and Aix la Chapelle. The Belgian government, aided by our troops, insisted upon a restoration of the rich plunder derived from their cathedrals and churches; while Austria made reclamation for Venice, and the celebrated Corinthian horses were carried off from the Tuileries amidst the execrations of the Parisians.

The inveterate hatred that existed between the Prussians and French, already referred to, displayed itself upon many occasions; and this feeling was greatly aggravated by the name previously given to one of the bridges over the Seine, *Le Pont d'Jena*. Blucher at once determined to demolish this triumphal monument, and the troops under his command had already commenced operations, by making excavations and filling them with gunpowder, when an order was issued to put an end to this

work of retribution. Wellington had exerted his entire influence with the veteran warrior to relinquish his design; and, although the abandonment of the project was attributed to the interference of the Emperor of Russia, I cannot bring myself to believe that the Duke's sage counsel was totally unheeded.

Anxious to carry out that spirit of vigour which the French ministry had determined to exercise with respect to state criminals, the issue of Marshal Ney's trial was looked forward to, upon all sides, with the deepest interest. An opinion had long been prevalent that there was some reluctance on the part of the government to proceed to extremities against a man of such high reputation in the army. The decision had at first been committed to a military tribunal, who seemed averse to pass judgment upon one of their own body; and, after a second sitting, the court pronounced, by a majority of five to two, that it was not competent for them to bring Ney to trial. Upon the result being

known, the king published a decree, enjoining the Chamber of Peers to proceed without delay to the trial of the Marshal, accused of high treason. The peers came to a unanimous resolution that there were grounds for an indictment. An adjournment then took place until the 21st. In the mean time, the Prince of the Moskowa (Ney) addressed the following document to the ambassadors of the four grand allied powers:—

EXCELLENCY,

It is at the last extremity, at the moment in which the critical circumstances to which I see myself reduced, leave me but too feeble means of avoiding the condition and the terrible danger of an accusation of the crime of high treason, that I resolve to have recourse to a legitimate address to you, of which the object is as follows:—

After a recital of the King's ordinance of the 11th inst., which the Marshal describes as "an imposing denunciation," and which

placed him at the bar of the Chamber of Peers, and after some allusion to the treaty of Paris, 30th of May, 1814, and the solemn compact at Vienna, in March 1814, from which the accused drew some inferences in his favour, Ney proceeded to quote the 12th Article of the Convention of the 30th of July, 1814.

He then went on to say,—“ The Convention has since been ratified by each of the allied sovereigns, as being the work of the two powers—the first delegated *de facto*. It has thus acquired all the force which the sacred right of nations, the rights of nature and of persons, could impart to it. It has become the unalterable safeguard of all Frenchmen whom the misfortune of the troubles may have exposed even to the legitimate resentment of their prince.

“ His most Christian Majesty positively acceded to it himself, upon entering into his capital. More than once he has invoked the imposing authority of this political contract as an act indivisible in all its parts.

Hence, Excellency, can it be doubted that I am one of those persons for whom this stipulation was made, in claiming the benefit of the 12th Article, and the religious execution of the guarantees expressed in it. I presume, in consequence, to require expressly from your ministry, and from the august power in the name of which you exercise it, that you cause an end to be put, with regard to myself, to all criminal procedure on account of the functions which I filled in the month of March, 1815, of *my conduct and of my political opinions.*"

This important document was followed by other "notes" and "memoranda," copies of which were forwarded to the Prince Regent. In the meantime, Madame la Maréchale paid personal visits to all the ministers of the allied powers, urging them to intercede in behalf of her husband. Madame la Maréchale had also an interview with the Duke of Wellington, who treated her with the utmost kindness and courtesy, declaring, however, at the same time, that

it was entirely out of his power to forward her suit. Never shall I forget the agonizing, heart-withering sigh that escaped from this ill-fated lady, as she quitted the presence of the Duke, bereft of the slightest hope of attaining the object of her most fervent prayer. In reply to a letter addressed by the lion-hearted Ney to Wellington, the Duke forwarded the following communication,—

Paris, *Nov. 15th, 1815.*

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,

I have had the honour of receiving the note which you addressed to me on the 13th inst., relative to the operation of the capitulation of Paris in your case. The capitulation of Paris of the 3rd of July last was made between the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied and Prussian armies on the one part, and the Prince D'Eckmuhl, Commander-in-Chief of the French army on the other, and related exclusively to the military occupation of Paris.

The object of the 12th article was to prevent any measure of severity under the

military authority of those who made it, towards any person in Paris on account of any offices they had filled, or any conduct or political opinions of theirs; but it never was intended, and never could be intended, to prevent, either the existing French government, under whose authority the French Commander-in-Chief must have acted, or any French government which might succeed to it, from acting in this respect as it might seem fit.

I have the honour to be,
Monsieur le Maréchal,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WELLINGTON.

Another honour attended the Duke, for, on the 28th of November, Wellington received the order of the Golden Fleece from the King. His Grace attended the Tuilleries at one o'clock, when the ceremony took place. Nothing could exceed the flattering terms in which Louis XVIII. addressed the illustrious hero.

Ney's trial commenced on the 4th of December, and continued until the 6th, when he was capitally convicted of high treason, by 139 out of 160, and was sentenced to the full punishment of death, without appeal; the sentence to be carried into execution within four-and-twenty hours. Seventeen peers recorded their opinions in favour of banishment, and four abstained from voting. In the course of the trial, the advocate for the accused having been interdicted from making use of the convention of July in his plea, urged that the Marshal, though French in heart, was no longer a Frenchman, as, by the treaty of the 20th November, the government, in tracing a new line round France, had left Sarrebruck, the county from whence the Marshal came, out of it. Upon this remark being made, the brave soldier, despising any quirk or quibble of the law, rose, much affected, and with vehemence exclaimed, "Yes! I am a Frenchman, and I will die a Frenchman!.... I am accused against the faith of treaties,

and they will not allow me to justify myself. I will act like Moreau—I appeal to Europe and to posterity."

The day appointed for the execution arrived. Let us not, however, dwell on this fatal tragedy. Suffice it to say, Ney met his fate like a hero. *Le brave des braves* died as he had lived—a gallant soldier.

At a little after nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th of December, the Marshal was conveyed to a spot near the garden of the Luxembourg. After descending from the carriage, and embracing his confessor, he proceeded with a quick step and firm manner within a few paces of the wall, and, turning round and facing the firing party, exclaimed, in a calm voice, "Comrades, direct to the heart—fire!" While delivering these words, he took off his hat with his left hand, placing his right upon his heart. The signal was given, and Ney instantly fell dead, twelve balls having taken effect, three of them in the head.

Conformable to military regulations, the

160 THREE YEARS WITH THE DUKE; OR,

body remained exposed for a quarter of an hour, and was then carried by veterans to the Foundling Hospital.

At half-past six the following morning, the earthly remains of the great warrior were buried in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

CHAPTER XII.

Rumours respecting Ney's execution—Walter Scott—Moore—Kemble—Talma—Catalani—Grassini—Versailles—Order against shooting—Races at Neuilly—Escape of Lavalette—Wellington declines to interfere—British Infantry leave Paris—Libellous attack on the Duke—His Grace's illness—He leaves for Cambray.

IT has often been attempted, both by the French and some few of our own countrymen, to throw a blot upon the escutcheon of Wellington, in reference to his conduct with regard to the execution of Marshal Ney; and a more unjust attack has seldom or ever been made. The Convention of Paris was, as has been stated, exclusively a military one. In a despatch, dated Gonesse, 4th of July, 1815, addressed by the Duke to Earl Bathurst, his Grace writes: "This convention

decides all the military questions of this moment existing here, and touches nothing political."—WELLINGTON DESPATCHES. And by referring to the original document of the Capitulation of Paris, it will be found that the first nine articles apply solely to the evacuation of Paris by the French army, and the occupation of it by the allies; the tenth and eleventh articles provide that "the existing authorities" and "public property" shall be respected by the allied commanders; the twelfth article, upon which the partisans of Ney found their claim, runs as follows, and it requires no little special pleading to turn it to the purpose they desire: "Art. 12. Seront pareillement respectées les personnes et les propriétés particulières: les habitans, et, en général, tous les individus qui se trouvent dans la capitale, continueront à jouir de leurs droits et libertés, sans pouvoir être inquiétés ni recherchés en rien relativement aux fonctions qu'ils occupent, ou auraient occupées, ou à leurs conduites et à leurs opinions politiques."

The remaining articles relate alone to military affairs, and the manner the Convention is to be carried out. If, however, we required any additional reason for the opinion we have advanced, we should find it in the following expression made use of by Carnot in his work: "It was resolved," says this writer, "to send to the English and Prussian commanders a special commission, proposing a convention purely military, '*en écartant toute question politique.*'" Ney too, himself, and the Duc d'Otranto (Fouché) proved by their actions that the twelfth article did not bear the interpretation that has since been attached to it; else why should the minister of police have given a passport under a feigned name to the unfortunate Ney had he considered that the latter was protected by the Allied Convention? Wellington's reply to Lord Bathurst is so conclusive, that we cannot refrain from placing it before the reader: "The Convention binds nobody, except the parties to it—viz., the French army on one side, and the allied armies

under Marshal Blucher and myself on the other; and the twelfth article cannot be considered, and never was intended to bind any other persons or authorities whatever, unless they should become parties to the Convention." A variety of rumours were spread abroad in Paris with reference to the execution of Ney; many, however, were unfounded; but the following anecdote, which was currently reported, may not be uninteresting to the reader. It was confidently stated, that so fearful were the government as to the reliance that could be placed upon the military, if called upon to take away the life of one of their bravest generals, that civilians of the lowest grade and debased conduct were selected from the prisons, dressed in the uniform of the regiment supposed to furnish the firing party, and who were marshalled and fell in near the Garden of the Luxembourg, to act as military executioners. Another event occurred most painful to the feelings of the principal actor in it. Madame Ney, whose

devotion to her husband was beyond all praise, waited upon the Duc de Grammont, at the Tuileries, to urge him upon her knees to intercede with the King for the pardon of her condemned partner; and at the moment the request was imploringly made, the Duke knew too well (as he afterwards declared to one of his nearest relatives) that the sentence upon the ill-fated warrior had been carried into effect.

That Ney was legally guilty, admits of no doubt; but, under all the circumstances of the case, how much more noble would it have been, if, instead of taking away the life of this brave man, the King had ordered all the troops in and near Paris to assemble in the Champ de Mars to hear the sentence read, then, appearing in the centre of the congregated soldiers, to have given a free pardon to one who had served France with so much honour and distinction. This act of mercy would have been received by all with but one feeling—that of gratitude.

To resume. On the 18th of August, the

Duke gave a grand banquet to the Emperor of Russia, the Archdukes, the King of Prussia, his two sons, the Prince of Orange, and all the English nobility congregated in Paris. At the above period, Walter Scott, Moore, John Kemble, Talma, Catalani, and Grassini, were at Paris, and were constant guests at the hôtel of my chief; they often joined in pic-nics, to witness the beauties of the neighbourhood. Never shall I forget a party to Versailles, which was arranged by the Duke, and which was graced by some of the loveliest of England's daughters, and by talent scarcely to be excelled. Here, in those gardens laid out with the most exquisite taste by Le Notre, who converted rivers into lakes, fountains, and waterfalls, and whose banks were peopled with nymphs, tritons, satyrs, mermaids, bacchantes, and marine monsters from the classical *studios* of Pierre Puget, Coisevox, and Girardon, it was a treat of the highest intellectual order to listen to the deep research of the "Magician of the North," as

he brought, with the greatest simplicity of manner, your mind's eye to the deeds of Bayard, Du Guesclin, Turenne, and Condé; to hear from the impassioned lips of Erin's own poet, anecdotes of the lovely *la Vallière*, her ambitious rival, Madame de Montespan, the proud de Maintenon, the far-famed Ninon de L'Enclos, Madame Pompadour, and Henrietta of England; and to attend to the two greatest actors of their day, Talma and Kemble, as they expatiated upon the respective merits of Shakspeare, Corneille, Racine, Farquhar, Moliere, and other men of dramatic genius of England and France.

Nor was the "feast of reason" confined alone to the above; for, after an *al fresco* luncheon in a sequestered shady spot, it was most delightful to have one's ears ravished with the enchanting notes of the Queen of Song, the Italian Nightingale, Catalani, the deep-toned voice of the beauteous Grassini, or the pathetic strains of "Anacreon Moore," as he warbled some of his own native melo-

dies. Wellington was devoted to music, and upon all occasions got together the best private and professional talent that could be found in Paris; indeed, there was scarcely an evening that we had not a concert or dance, so desirous was the Duke to gratify those around him.

No sooner had the month of September set in, than many of the English officers prepared their guns; but a strict order from the Commander-in-Chief against poaching put an end to the hopes of many an aspiring sportsman. The royal hunt had commenced its operations, and Wellington was again in the field. An English pack of fox-hounds had been got together near Paris, but at that period they furnished little sport, as foxes were scarce in those parts. Early in October, English races were established on the plains of Neuilly, the late Lord Kinnaird, Lord Charles Manners, and Sir Andrew Barnard, officiating as stewards; among the distinguished personages present were the Duc de Berri, Wellington, Blucher,

Duc de Guiche, the late Lord Castlereagh, and the present Earls of Lonsdale and Bathurst. At this meeting Blucher had a narrow escape; for, galloping over the course, the veteran (unaccustomed to having any check put to his career) did not observe that the rope was up, and his horse floundering over it, the warrior bit the dust. Happily, he soon recovered the shock the fall had created.

On the 30th of November, the allied army broke up, when Wellington issued the following order.

GENERAL ORDER.

“Paris, Nov. 30th, 1815.

“Upon breaking up the army which the Field Marshal has had the honour of commanding, he begs leave again to return thanks to the general officers, and the officers and troops, for their uniform good conduct. In the late short, but memorable campaign, they have given proofs to the world that they possess, in an eminent

degree, all the good qualities of soldiers; and the Field Marshal is happy to be able to applaud their regular good conduct in their camps and cantonments, not less than when engaged with the enemy in the field.

“ Whatever may be the future destination of those brave troops of which the Field Marshal now takes his leave, he trusts that every individual will believe that he will ever feel the deepest interest in their honour and welfare, and will always be happy to promote either.”

An event occurred on the 20th of December which created a considerable sensation—the escape of Lavalette from the prison of the Conciergerie, dressed in his wife’s apparel.

The following details respecting the escape may be relied upon. For several weeks Madame Lavalette, whose health had been greatly impaired, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, had used a sedan-chair; this conveyance was carried into the prison, and deposited in a passage near the under turnkey’s room. At four o’clock on

the day of the escape, Madame Lavalette arrived, as usual, dressed in her ordinary costume — a loose cloak, Parisian bonnet, and a large veil, accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of eleven years of age. About half-past five, the prisoner, arrayed in her dress, taking his daughter by the arm, and supported by one of the turnkeys, slowly descended to the chair, when, nothing having occurred to excite suspicion, he passed before the inspectors and guardians, and was soon restored to his friends and liberty. In the meantime, Madame Lavalette, who had enveloped herself in her husband's cloak, sat breathlessly in her arm-chair, with a book in her hand, and a taper burning on a table before her. At half-past six, the gaoler entered the room, and soon discovered the successful *ruse* that had been played. A similar manœuvre was practised in England after the Rebellion of 1715, and attended with equal success, Lady Nithsdale having assisted the escape of her husband from the Tower of London in female attire.

On the 22nd, the Duke of Wellington held a grand assembly at the Elysée Bourbon, which was attended by the Duc de Berri, Duc de Feltre, Marmont, and other distinguished English and foreign personages. His Grace was most attentive to his old opponent, and conversed freely with the French Marshal.

On the 4th of January, the English sentries at the gates of the Palais Royal were relieved by those of the National Guard, and, within two days, a circumstance took place under one of the colonnades, which might have been attended with most serious consequences. Colonel Thoroton, of the Guards, happened accidentally to come in contact with Victor, and immediately offered an apology for the unintentional act. The French Marshal, instead, however, of accepting the explanation, indulged in a strain of invective, which, in the heat of the moment, the Guardsman replied to, by the English process of knocking him down. A court of inquiry was immediately ordered by Wel-

lington, and Thoroton was slightly reprimanded. On the following night, he was present at an evening party given by the Duke.

About the middle of this month, the greatest excitement prevailed in Paris by the arrest of three Englishmen, Sir Robert Wilson, Captain Hutchinson, and Mr. Bruce, on the charge of having favoured the escape of Lavalette; and a question was raised how far Captain Hutchinson, who formed one of the effective English army, was liable to a civil process. The Duke at once declined all interference, leaving the affair to be settled by the laws of France.

The trial of the above, however, did not come on in the Assize Court until the 22nd of April. Madame Lavalette, who was called by some of the accused, replied to an interrogatory of the President, M. Romain de Sage, in the following words:—"I declare, that the persons now arraigned contributed in no respect to the escape of M. Lavalette. No one was in my confidence.

I alone did it." On a subsequent audience, M. Dupin opened his defence for the English gentlemen. The President then concisely, and with great impartiality, summed up the evidence. The jury retired to deliberate; and, in about two hours, returned with a verdict of guilty against Messrs. Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson. The President having read the article of the penal code applicable to the prisoners, in which the punishment prescribed was imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, nor less than three months, without hesitation, pronounced for the shortest term. A general order, dated Horse Guards, May 10th, conveyed a severe reprimand to Major-General Sir R. Wilson, from His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for having obtained, under false pretences, passports in feigned names from the representative of his own sovereign, and in having made use of such passports for himself and a subject of his most Christian Majesty, under sentence for high treason." Captain Hutchinson was

also strongly censured for "having been an active instrument in a transaction of so culpable a nature, more especially in a country in amity with his Majesty, where the regiment in which he was serving formed part of the allied army." Taking into consideration the degree of punishment awarded to these officers by the French authorities, the Prince Regent was unwilling to visit them with the full weight of his displeasure, and was therefore content at the expression of his Royal Highness's severe reprobation, which was to be promulgated to the army at large.

At this period some inquietude was shown in Paris, owing to a rumour that an attempt upon the life of the King would be made in the Tuilleries; nothing however occurred to justify such a report.

On the 18th, the Duke of Wellington spent the evening with the Minister of Police, where a large and distinguished party were invited to meet his Grace. Madame Lavalette was, near the end of the month, re-

stored to liberty, the tribunal declaring that there was no ground for her accusation. The connivance that the French government were supposed to have had in the escape of Lavalette, gave the H. B. of Paris of that day an opportunity of showing his wit in a caricature, which represented the hero escaping in a female dress, too palpable to conceal him, and followed by a dog, holding a stick in his mouth, with a lanthorn at both ends. The animal was called *Un Chien Barbé*, and was meant to represent Monsieur Barbé Marbois, Minister of Justice, the lanthorns showing the part the worthy functionary took in lighting the prisoner through the passages of the Conciergerie. Nor were the epigrammatists less fertile in their imaginations upon public men and affairs, for the two following calembourgs shortly appeared:—

The king was described as *Louis deux fois neuf*, while the numerous lucrative places held by Messieurs Royer Collard, De Serre, and Pasquier, gave rise to the following couplets:—

CONJUGAISON DU VERBE CUMULO.

"Cumulo," dit Royer Collard,
 "Cumulabo," respond De Serre,
 "Sat cumulari, pour ma part"
 Ajoute Pasquier, leur compere.
 Las de voir cumuler autant,
 Amis, délivrons nous sans scrupule,
 De tout ce trio cumulant,
 Le peuple, qui ne rien cumule."

On the 26th, the Duke gave a fancy ball, which was attended by the French royal family, the foreign princes, the corps diplomatique, and other distinguished personages then in Paris.

Upon the following morning, the whole of the British infantry were withdrawn from Paris and its environs, and the heights of Montmartre were delivered up to the French troops by the late Colonel Mackinnon, who commanded the rear-guard.

The English cavalry commenced their march on the ensuing Monday.

It is not to be supposed that a man holding the exalted position that Wellington did,

should have been entirely exempt from a variety of serious and petty annoyances, created by those who were envious of his well-earned honours, or inimical to him as the conqueror of Europe, and who endeavoured, by the vilest slander, to lower him to their own degraded level. For some years the Duke had been a victim to the scurrility of the foreign press. As early as the year 1813, a most infamous libel appeared in the Cadiz newspapers, founded upon an official representation from the Xefe Politico (Political Chief) of the province of Guipuz-coa, addressed to the Minister of War, complaining of the allied British and Portuguese army in the storming of St. Sebastian. The principal charge was, "that the town had been ill-treated because its former trade had been exclusively with the French nation, to the disadvantage of Great Britain." To this Wellington indignantly replied, that the accusation brought forward was one that could not be applied to the soldiers, "who could not be supposed

to know, or to reflect much, upon what passed before they attacked the place; that, so far from the principal officers having harboured so infamous a wish as to destroy the town from motives of commercial revenge, or any other, they had done all in their power to prevent it; and that he individually, against the urgent solicitations of several persons, refused, as in the cases of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, to allow the town to be bombarded, although it would have been the most certain mode of forcing the enemy to surrender."

In consequence of the above attack, the Duke addressed the following letter to Sir Henry Wellesley, then minister at Cadiz:—

“I do not know how long my temper will last; but I was never so much disgusted with anything as with this libel; and I do not know whether the conduct of the soldiers in plundering St. Sebastian, or the libels of the Xefe Politico and Duende made me most angry.”

Disgusted as was the hero with the slander

of the Portuguese authorities and writers, it remained for the English press to heap even greater obloquy upon him, the Duke, who, at the period I write of, was assailed by a London newspaper in a most venomous manner. Happily the example was not followed by others. Wellington might well have despised such despicable attempts, for he was regarded, not alone as the liberator of Europe, and the greatest commander of any age or country, but was looked up to as a man free from all glaring immoralities. The Duke had treated many attacks against himself with the utmost contempt; but when the name of an innocent and unoffending lady was mercilessly dragged before the public in connexion with his own, with that manly feeling for which he was famed, Wellington at once recommended an appeal to the laws of his country. Never shall I forget the day when, being employed in the not very onerous task of writing invitations for a ball, the Duke, accompanied by General Alava, entered the waiting-room in which I

was sitting. Seeing that they were in earnest conversation, I rose to avoid being intrusive.

“ You can go on,” said the Duke; “ I have no private communication to make;” and I proceeded in my duty. “ Have you the newspaper?” inquired the chief. “ I suppose its the usual style of attack?” While Alava was looking over the columns for the offensive article, the Duke (playing with his watch-chain, which he often did when absorbed in thought) continued: “ Oh! that mine enemy would write a book! better take no notice.” The paragraph was then pointed out, and, in a second, a sudden change came over the features of Wellington, while he hastily uttered: “ That’s too bad,— the writer’s a walking lie,— never saw her alone in my life,— this must be checked.”

Nothing more was said; but, shortly afterwards, a writ was served upon the proprietor of the *St. James’s Chronicle*, for a libel on Lady W—— W——. The trial

came on before Chief Justice Gibbs, in the Court of Common Pleas, the damages being laid at £50,000. The present Lord Campbell and Serjeant Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, appeared for the plaintiff, and Serjeant Lens for the defendant. The imputation was conveyed in the following terms:—

“It was said at Brussels, that when the Duke of Wellington returned after the battle of Waterloo (which, *en passant*, ought to be called the battle of Mont St. Jean), he went to visit the wounded—perhaps the wounded heart was meant. A word to the wise.”

In another paper the following lines appeared, purporting to be written at Brussels:—

BRUSSELS, 1815. FASHIONABLE ALLITERATION.

“In the letter W. there’s a charm full divine,
War, Wellington, W—, W—, and Wine.

These doggrel verses were followed by more pointed insinuations.

After a trial of some duration, during

which Wellington's former remark that he had never seen the much calumniated lady alone, was proved beyond doubt, the jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff. Damages £2000. While upon the subject of the press, we may here remark, that at the above period, the English newspapers were most rigorously prohibited in France, the government of the newly-restored monarch highly disapproving of the liberty then evinced by what has since been termed the fourth estate. We now return to the Duke's movements, who, on the 16th of March, gave another soirée and supper. Some apprehension was created in the morning that the party would have been put off, as his Grace complained of indisposition. It appeared that the Duke had eaten something the previous day which had disagreed with him, and the gossips immediately spread a rumour abroad, that an attempt had been made to introduce poison into his food; his appearance, however, at dinner, gave a satisfactory answer to this idle fabrication.

Again was the Duke subjected to further annoyance, in consequence of some unfounded statements having appeared in the English newspapers, respecting an alleged conversation that had taken place between Count Jules de Polignac and himself. This led to a correspondence between the two distinguished personages; the Count declaring that the visit was one of politeness, and that it was not for the purpose of conferring with his Grace upon the subject of a change of Ministry in France. Wellington confirmed this statement, adding "that he had been no less astonished at the interpretation which the English journals had given of a private visit paid to him by the Count; and that he would be happy to see a disavowal of it." On the 12th, the Duke left for Cambray; and, after remaining a week at his head quarters, reached Brussels on the 19th, where he remained only a few hours, and then proceeded on to the Hague.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wellington leaves Cambray for Brussels—Valenciennes—Head-Quarters—Life at the Duke's *Château*, Mont St. Martin—Turnham, the Duke's coachman.

OUR last chapter left Wellington at the Hague, where he sojourned a very short time, having returned to Brussels on the 26th of April; here he remained for three days, and during his *séjour* visited the Military Hospital, where there were still some wounded men of the English, Prussian, and Hanoverian armies. Nothing could exceed the feeling of respect and gratitude which the people evinced towards the hero, as he in the most unostentatious manner walked or rode through the city; conversing with those of all degrees who had served with

him at the ever memorable battle of Waterloo. On the 29th, the Duke left for Valenciennes, and devoted the following day to examining the fortifications.

Valenciennes, which is a second-rate fortress, contains a citadel built by Vauban. Among its historical recollections may be mentioned, that in 1793, after a siege of nearly three months, during which a considerable portion of the town was destroyed by the besiegers, it surrendered to the victorious arms of the Allies under the Duke of York. Upon the march to Paris in 1815, it was again taken by the British troops under Colville. To the historian and painter the town is interesting, as having been the birth place of Froissart and Watteau.

On the 1st of May, Wellington reached head-quarters; and no sooner was he established there, than he looked out for a country residence in the neighbourhood, where he might enjoy, in the sports of the field, a little relaxation from the cares of

public life. The Château Mont St. Martin, within sixteen miles of the garrison, was selected, and the Duke shortly afterwards took possession of it. It was a large old-fashioned French country house, situated in rather a bleak open district, near the source of the river L'Escaut. Cambray is a town of considerable importance, famed for its fine manufacture of muslin; it can also boast of having been the episcopal see of Fénélon, who was buried within its walls, but whose coffin was afterwards desecrated by the revolutionists in 1793, when the Cathedral was razed to the ground.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the Duke, or his desire to promote the amusement of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance; and any stranger paying a passing visit to the *villettiatura*, who witnessed the unaffected manner, the unostentatious display, the simple habits of the host, would scarcely have imagined that he was in the presence of "that man," who, according to the authority of a reve-

rend divine, “eclipsed the splendour of Hannibal, and dimmed the glory of Cæsar.” The Duke was ever a great supporter of field sports, and during the Peninsula campaign, as at the time I write of, kept a pack of foxhounds. The object of his Grace was not alone to enliven the leisure hours of himself and officers, during the monotony of winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement which tended so much to promote health, activity, and courage; and we have the authority of a gallant brother in arms, the late Lord Vivian, who, during a debate upon the Game Laws, said: “I own I am proud of sporting, and the greatest commander the world ever saw, has declared ‘that he found the men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers.’ ”

Independent of the above remark, the Duke often quoted cases to prove the advantages to be derived from field sports, remarking “that if fox-hunting was put an end to, the breed of horses would greatly

degenerate." One anecdote mentioned by his Grace will fully confirm the justice of his opinion. During the campaign in the Peninsula, the late Colonel Felton Hervey, of the "fighting fourteenth" light dragoons, who had lost an arm, rode up by mistake to a small detachment of the enemy's cavalry, who, fortunately for the British officer, were dismounted, and busily employed in cooking their rations. No sooner was the Colonel discovered, and his rank recognised, than the word "*à cheval*" was given. Hervey, with his orderly, were both mounted on first-rate English hunters belonging to the former, and finding the odds were greatly against them, immediately started off at a tremendous pace to reach our lines.

The French dragoons were soon in their saddles, and amidst wild shouts and loud halloes gave chase, but failed to gain upon their flying foes; unhappily, this noise attracted the attention of some of the enemy's lancers, who, being posted nearer the English forces, were enabled to cut off the retreat of

the fugitives; the clattering of the horses' hoofs of those who had lately joined in the pursuit sounded like a death knell to the two gallant soldiers: "Your only chance, Colonel," exclaimed the faithful orderly, "is to make for that lane." Hervey followed the suggestion; it was a confined space, with only room for one horse to enter. No sooner had he gained it, than on looking round a sight presented itself, that harrowed his very soul: the devoted corporal, knowing that the life of his commanding officer could alone be saved by the sacrifice of his own, had placed himself across the narrow opening, and was literally pierced and cut to pieces. This delay enabled the survivor to pursue his flight, who, upon reaching the open, charged a stiff fence, and was shortly out of sight of his pursuers.

We have digressed: return we to the château, where, once or twice a week, a fox or boar hunt was got up, which was attended by the Duke and his party.

Independently of the above sports of the

field, the manors belonging to the estate furnished very fair partridge shooting, and our chief allowed us the entire range of them.

Garrison races took place twice a year in the neighbourhood of head-quarters. A company of French comedians had erected and opened a temporary theatre in Cambray, and private theatricals were shortly established at the château under the immediate patronage of Wellington. The following play-bill was duly issued.

THEATRE MONT ST. MARTIN.

This evening will be performed, the favourite Farce of
ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

A new Melo-drama will shortly be brought out, with entirely new music, scenery, dresses, machinery, and decorations.

In other bills we find the popular farces of the "Beehive," the "Mayor of Garrett," "Who's the Dupe?" with the announcement that Lord George Lennox would shortly make his débüt in the character of Joe in the former piece, and that Mr. Henry Barnard, now Colonel Barnard, would appear for the first time on any stage as Emily in the same. During these amateur performances the late Messrs. Mathews and Yates visited the Duke and gave an "At Home," which was most successful. During the summer of 1816 the Duke inspected the Russian and Prussian armies. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of these reviews. Sham fights, mimic representations, "faint images of war," took place; towns were attacked, rivers forded, and enemies dislodged. To such an extent was the *esprit de corps* of the contending forces carried, that upon one occasion, when sent by Wellington to order a regiment to retire, as the combatants were getting too much in earnest, I had the greatest difficulty in checking their ardour,

although armed with the authority of the Commander-in-Chief.

There was a celebrated character attached to his Grace, to whom I must briefly allude; and this was no less a personage than the late Mr. Turnham, state coachman to the Duke. Nothing could convince this knight of the ribands that the glory of Wellington had not in some degree descended upon him; for in conversation he always alluded in the plural number to what *we* had done at Waterloo, how well *we* turned out in Paris, and how triumphal *our* entry was into the capital of France. Turnham was every inch a sportsman, and considering his heavy weight, sixteen stone at least, rode very well to hounds. When taunted with his Falstaff-like appearance, which caused his horse literally to groan under this mountain of flesh, the rider would good-humouredly respond: "Ay, it's all very well for Freemantle, and Felton Hervey, and William Lennox, and other light weights, to laugh at me; but at sixteen stone each,

I'd show them the way over the country." With all this familiarity in the hunting field, Turnham was a most civil, obliging, and trustworthy servant. He was a first-rate judge of a horse, and generally had a clever one to sell. In all his dealings he was most honest and honourable, and there were few men more respected by those that knew him than the subject of this brief digression. Turnham, after he quitted the service of the Duke, kept a livery stable in Carrington Mews, May Fair; and, to the day of his death, was most liberally patronized by his former master and his old friends.

In a former part of this volume, I alluded to Wellington's kindness of disposition, and to the absence of all resentment upon his part, after the fault complained of had been admitted: another instance which took place at Mont St. Martin occurs to me. At the period I write of, almost all the young staff officers thought it necessary to assume certain airs; voting the regulation uniform unbecoming, they decked them-

selves out in fancy costume with hussar sashes, gold embroidered waistcoats, elaborately braided frock coats, richly laced trowsers, and highly ornamented foraging caps. Independently, too, of this inattention to general orders, they pronounced "*home service*" (as it was termed) a bore! The result was that the two Aids-de-camp in daily waiting, were very slovenly in the performance of their duties, which consisted in taking in the names of any persons anxious to see the Duke, writing invitations, and occupying the posts of honour at the luncheon and dinner tables.

For some time Wellington had noticed these derelictions, and only waited for a favourable opportunity of lecturing his staff upon the subject. An opening soon occurred. A large party were staying at the *château*; and in the evening, the Duke, anxious to have an uninterrupted conversation with one of his oldest friends, about to return to England, and not wishing to be uncourteous to the rest of his guests, pro-

posed that two rubbers and a round game should be made up. The steadiest of his staff immediately assented; while others who, like myself, were dead beat with the fatigues of a long day's shooting, and who were to be at the cover's side at an early hour the next morning, preferred our downy pillows to a hand at long whist, or a pool of six-penny commerce; the result was, that one by one, we stealthily absented ourselves, leaving our host to entertain a somewhat voluble lady and prosing elderly gentleman.

I had just gone off into a profound slumber, when I was awoke by a brother officer, who conveyed to me the unpleasant tidings, that the entire staff were to attend the Duke in uniform at ten o'clock the following morning. Precisely at that hour, Wellington made his appearance; his look denoted the strongest displeasure. "I have sent for you," he said, in his usual quick tone, addressing the culprits by name, "to say I am not at all satisfied with the way in which you carry on the duties. You are

very inattentive when in waiting—often absent when wanted—and seldom or ever dressed according to His Majesty's regulations,—a bad example to the rest of the army. I trust I shall have no further occasion to speak to you upon the subject. You are dismissed." After this mild and just rebuke, need I say that we all determined to do our best to regain the confidence of our chief. The greatest difficulty I had to contend with, was the question of uniform; for, unfortunately, I had not provided myself with a full dress coat; and as their Royal Highnesses the late Dukes of Kent and Cambridge were in a few days to honour the Duke with a visit, I felt that I might be laid open to further censure, if I appeared improperly dressed in the presence of such scrutinizing judges. Had I lived in these days, when a message may be conveyed by electric telegraph to a London tailor to forward a uniform by rail to France, my perplexity would have been removed; but as, at the time I write of, in-

tercourse with the metropolis was very tedious, the thought of procuring habiliments from it was at once abandoned. A brother aid-de-camp, whose recent success in the Caffre war fully justified the opinion Wellington ever entertained of him, agreed to ride over with me to Cambray to see whether, among the officers of the staff quartered there, I could procure what I required, and we left the *château* with strict instructions from the kind hearted Sir Colin Campbell, to be back in time for dinner, as the Duke had occasionally commented upon our unpunctuality. Upon reaching head quarters, I was fortunate enough to find a friend who possessed two full dress coats, and I at once concluded a bargain for the best. I now only required a pair of Hessian boots to make my costume complete; to have them finished in time was next to impossible, so I sallied forth in hopes of finding a ready-made pair. No sooner had I entered the principal street than my attention was attracted to the window of a

French bootmaker's shop, in which appeared a highly polished, deeply wrinkled specimen of the object of my search, evidently placed there for show and not for sale. I do not believe that the proprietor of the original Chelsea bun-house, whose grim visaged sign stands so conspicuously forth, or any of the numerous tobacconists, hatters, tea-dealers, and mercers, who court notoriety by their wooden Highlanders, tin-cocked hats, silver canisters, or golden balls, would express more surprise, if a chance customer were to propose to purchase one of the above devices, than did the worthy *bottier*, when I asked the price of the Hessian boots. At first he assured me that no sum would induce him to part with them, but that in the course of a week he would make or procure for me, from Paris, an equally good pair. Tempted, eventually, by an offer of fifty francs, I became the possessor of the eagerly sought prize. At the hour named for our departure, I found my comrade waiting for me in the yard of *Le Grand Canard*, where

our horses had been put up, and mounting them we were soon on our way back to Mont St. Martin. In order to save some little distance, we had diverged from the main road, and were quietly cantering across the country, when, all of a sudden, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog. "How unfortunate!" I exclaimed; "we shall lose our way, and be too late for the Duke's dinner." "Follow me," said my companion; "keep as close as you can." Increasing the pace, we traversed the open plains and hills, skirted the small plantations, and at the expiration of an hour, were gladdened by the welcome sight of the lights at the *château*. "Why you came as straight as a bird," I remarked. "This accounts for it," he responded, showing me a mariner's compass, so arranged in a small lanthorn, that, when lit, the index was visible. "Take my advice," he continued, "never be without one; it has often saved me from passing many a night in the open air." To proceed. We reached Mont St.

Martin in excellent time, and found no trace of anger upon the Duke's countenance.

Upon the following morning the Duke having received an intimation that his royal visitors would arrive at Cambray in the course of the day after, left for that garrison, and great was his Grace's astonishment when the staff were assembled to find one and all dressed according to regulation. He looked pleased, expressed his satisfaction, and delicately communicated to me through Sir Colin Campbell, that he did not insist upon every officer possessing a full dress coat, so long as he did not indulge in fancies of his own. This was done in consideration of the state of my finances, which were not in an over flourishing condition, Wellington knowing full well that so expensive a uniform would make a large item in the pay of a lieutenant and extra aide-de-camp. The Duke, who was proverbial for punctuality, and who often remarked that exactness was as necessary in objects of pleasure as in matters of business, was

ready at five o'clock to receive his illustrious guests, and his personal staff were all drawn up to attend upon their chief. Every one has heard the anecdote of the inquisitive old lady who inquired of the Duke whether it was true that he had been *surprised* at Waterloo, and his quaint reply: "I never was till now;" and I am not bold enough to assert that Wellington ever was surprised; but if he were, it was upon the occasion I allude to, when he saw the writer of these pages decked out in a gorgeous uniform, a pair of white net pantaloons, the brilliant pair of Hessians already referred to, regulation sword, sash, belt, hat, and feather. A smile came over the Duke's countenance as he looked me over from head to foot, and his playful remark that he feared my *pas de Zephyr* would suffer from the stiffness of my boots, proved how gratified he was at the attention paid to his former lecture. I must here explain that the Terpsichorean step alluded to was one I was particularly proud of, and which having

been taught me by a dancing master procured by the Duke when attached to his embassy, had often proved the source of merriment, as in those my youthful days I was constantly called upon to execute this *pas* for his Grace's amusement.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reviews—Wellington proceeds to England—The Duke returns to Paris—National Fête.

ON the 22nd of October a grand review took place on the plains of Denain; their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge were received by Wellington at the head of his army, the bands playing the National Anthem. The troops were then put through a variety of manœuvres, which were in some little degree marred by the state of the ground, a continued rain of eight and forty hours having completely inundated the country. The Duke, however, was no fine weather soldier, and continued his evolutions until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. After a grand dinner given by the Duke to the Royal

Dukes, there was a ball, which was attended by their Royal Highnesses and all the officers of the garrisons of Cambray and Valenciennes that could be spared from their duties. On the field of Denain, there is a monument erected in memory of the victory gained by Marshal Villars over the allies in 1712, in which the commander-in-chief of the allied forces, Lord Albemarle, was taken prisoner; Voltaire has immortalized the spot by the following lines :

“ Regardez, dans Denain, l'audacieux Villars,
Disputant le tonnere à l'aigle des Césars,”

Wellington gave strict orders that this monument should be respected during the review.

Every exertion was made by the late Lord Keane, Sir Charles Colville, and the officers under their command, to render agreeable the *séjour* of the Royal Dukes and Wellington in the garrison. Dinners, balls, suppers, and amateur performances took place; and the illustrious visitors expressed their admiration at the efficient manner in which the

theatricals were got up, under the able direction of Commissioner Fonblanque, of the Court of Bankruptcy, then an officer in the 21st Fusiliers. Never shall I forget the shouts of laughter that Wellington indulged in, at the performance of the highly-talented author of "Highways and Byways," or the attention with which he listened to the singing of Messrs. Meade, Fairfield, and Kelly, the latter an especial favourite at headquarters. Out of the above *corps dramatique*, four of the members afterwards resigned their commissions, and made the stage their profession: Cole, the Calcraft of the Dublin theatre; Prescott, the Warde of Covent Garden; Frederick Yates, of the Adelphi, and Benson Hill.

Shortly after the departure of the royal party, the Duke returned to Mont. St. Martin, and on the 26th of December, accompanied by General Alava, and his aids-de-camp, Lord Arthur Hill and Colonel Freemantle, arrived at Dover from Calais in the *Ant* passage vessel, and upon the

following day reached London. From Dartford his Grace sent a messenger to Lord Castlereagh at North Cray, to inform him of his return to England; and the latter noble lord immediately proceeded to London to meet the illustrious chief. On the evening of that day, the Duke dined with Lord Castlereagh, and on the following morning attended a Cabinet Council, which sat from twelve until four. There were present at that meeting, Earls of Liverpool and Bathurst; Lords Castlereagh, Sidmouth, Melville; Messrs. Canning and Vansittart, not one of whom outlived their gallant colleague. On the 28th, the Duke left for Brighton, to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, and from thence proceeded to Paris, to dine with Louis XVIII. on New Year's day. After a brief stay, his Grace returned to his own head-quarters, where he remained until a special command from the King took him to the French capital, again to attend the *fête St. Louis*. The morning of the festival was ushered in by a salute

from the artillery. At ten o'clock, the members of the French Academy assembled in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where, according to ancient usage, the Abbé Guillon, professor of divinity, pronounced a panegyric on the patron saint of the day, in which, among other exaggerated notions, he stated that the miracles lately performed in the restoration of the Bourbons might be attributed to St. Louis. After mass, which the King, Princes, and Princesses attended, in the Royal Chapel, the foreign ambassadors and ministers, accompanied by Wellington, went in state to pay their homage to Louis XVIII. This was followed by a reception of the Marshals, Generals, and distinguished officers of France. At twelve o'clock his Majesty drove out in an open carriage, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses, Madame, and la Duchesse de Berri. The Ducs d'Angoulême and Orléans were on horseback on the right side of the cortége; the Ducs de Berri and Bourbon on the left. The streets

were lined with cavalry and regiments of the line; and a discharge of artillery announced the King's departure from the Tuilleries. Upon reaching the platform where the statue to the memory of *Le bon Henri Quatre* had lately been erected, the loyalty of the people and troops knew no bounds. The air resounded with the shouts of *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* The King then took his seat on a throne erected in front of the statue, and was surrounded by all the foreign ambassadors, ministers, civil and military officers. Among them Wellington appeared as retiring as if he had been a simple general, and not one to whose prowess alone, the newly-restored Monarch owed his present position. At a preconcerted signal the statue was uncovered, amidst the unanimous acclamations of the assembled populace. Monsieur Barbé de Marbois, President of the Committee of Subscribers to the statue, addressed his Sovereign in a highly complimentary speech, in which he extolled the fame of the Bour-

bon line, and the renown of the monarch who now reigned in the hearts of a loyal people. The king returned thanks in a speech replete with kind heartedness and good feeling, and was loudly cheered. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the procession returned to the Tuileries, amidst the shouts of the fickle nation. In the evening the principal buildings were illuminated, and a feeling of universal joy seemed to pervade every class.

In order to ensure tranquillity, no less a force than 30,000 men had been under arms during the day; but so admirable were the regulations, that not an accident occurred.

The time was now rapidly approaching for the withdrawal of the army of occupation; and on the 1st of November the following "general order," was issued by the Commander-in-chief:—

"Head Quarters,
"Cambray, Nov. 1st, 1818.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington
cannot take leave of the troops whom he has

had the honour to command, without expressing to them his gratitude for the good conduct which has distinguished them during the time they have been under his orders. It is nearly three years since the Allied Sovereigns confided to the Field Marshal the chief command of that part of their forces which circumstances rendered it necessary to keep in France. If the measures which their Majesties commanded have been executed in a manner to give them satisfaction, this result must be wholly attributed to the prudent and enlightened conduct manifested on all occasions by their Excellencies the Generals commanding-in-chief, to the good example which they have given to the other Generals and Officers who were subordinate to them, as well as to the efforts of these latter to second them; and, lastly, to the excellent discipline which has always prevailed in the contingents. It is with regret that the General has seen the moment arrive when the dissolution of this army was to put an end to his public con-

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nexions and his private relations with the commanders and other officers of the corps of the Army. The Field Marshal deeply feels how agreeable these relations have been to him. He begs the Generals commanding-in-chief to receive and make known to the troops under their orders, the assurance that he shall never cease to take the most lively interest in every thing that may concern them; and that the remembrance of the three years during which he has had the honour to be at their head, will be always dear to him.

(Signed) "G. MURRAY,

"Lieut.-Gen. and Chief of the
"Staff of the Allied Army."

CHAPTER XV.

Wellington—A charmed life in battle—His feeling conduct towards an ex-Aid-de-Camp—Discipline of the army—Junot's opinion of it.

WE have now brought our narrative to the period when the services of the Duke were no longer required abroad, but we cannot conclude this brief sketch without giving a few anecdotes characteristic of the kind-heartedness and decision of the great man. Our readers are probably aware that, except upon one occasion, Wellington escaped being wounded. At Orthez, however, his Grace received a severe contusion upon his hip bone from a spent ball, which prevented his directing in person, the last movements of his army upon that day; but he did not leave the field until Soult had sounded a retreat. In this engagement the present

Duke of Richmond, then Earl of March, was most dangerously wounded in leading his company of the 52nd Light Infantry, to attack the left of the height on which the right of the enemy stood. The wound was pronounced to be mortal; and when the surgeon, the present Dr. Hair, under whose care Lord March had been placed, was called in to attend the Duke, his Grace's first inquiry was after the young nobleman, who for many years had served upon his personal staff, and who had been present with him at the battles of Busaco and Fuentes D'Onor; the storming of Cuidad Rodrigo, and Badajoz; battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, first storming of St. Sebastian, action at Vera. Dr. Hair in reply stated, that although the wound was severe, there was still a gleam of hope, as he had witnessed similar cases, where the sufferers had recovered. The Duke's next anxiety was to be sufficiently recovered to resume in person the pursuit of the enemy on the following morning, and expressed a fear that

the stiffness occasioned by the contusion would for a time prevent him from mounting his horse. A simple yet efficacious remedy was applied, and at an early hour in the morning after the battle, his Grace supporting himself by two sticks, crossed the street from his own quarters to those of his former aid-de-camp, and hobbled into the room where Lord March still remained in a most precarious state. Dr. Hair, who, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, was extended upon a mattress, started up at the entrance of the Duke, and made a sign to him that the wounded man was asleep. For a few seconds, Wellington leant against the mantelpiece, overwhelmed with the most intense grief. Suddenly Lord March awoke, and recognising his chief, faintly expressed a hope that he had been successful on the previous day; the reply in the affirmative was conveyed in downright plain English language. The great man adding: "And I shall follow it up." The exhausted youth then turned to doze again, and as the Duke

left the room tears trickled down the cheeks of the warrior as he took leave for the last time, as he feared, of his *protégé*,—the son of one of his dearest and best friends.

Youth and a good constitution, added to the able treatment and unremitting attention of his medical attendant, did wonders for the wounded soldier, who was sufficiently recovered to rejoin his chief the day after the battle of Toulouse; and who, the following year, was appointed aid-de-camp to his former brother staff-officer, the late king of Holland, and was present with him at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

In an admirable lecture on the life of Wellington, delivered at Wells, by the talented and philanthropic Montague Gore, we find the following traits of the Duke's character, which with gratitude to the author, we transfer to our pages.

“ The following anecdote, (for permission to publish which, I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Dr. Hume,) shows in a striking light the depth of his feelings

on this occasion; and the real kindness of his nature :—

“ I came back from the battle,”* says Dr. Hume, “ with Sir Alexander Gordon, whose leg I was obliged to amputate on the field late in the evening. This distinguished officer died rather unexpectedly in my arms, about half-past three o’clock in the morning of the 19th; and as I was anxious to inform the Duke as early as possible of the sad event, and was standing at the door hesitating whether to disturb him or not, Sir Charles Broke Vere came up to me, and asked me if I knew whether the Duke was awake or not, as he wished (he being quartermaster-general) to take his orders relative to the movement of the troops. On this I decided to see if he was awake; and going up stairs to his room, I tapped gently at the door, when he told me to come in. He had, as usual, taken off all his clothes, but had not washed himself; and

* Waterloo.

as I entered the room he sat up in his bed, his face covered with the dust and sweat of the previous day, and extended his hand to me, which I took and held in mine, whilst I told him of Gordon's death, and related such of the casualties as had come to my knowledge. He was much affected. I felt his tears dropping fast upon my hands, and looking towards him, saw them chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. He brushed them suddenly away with his left hand, and said to me, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Well! thank God! I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"

When a vote of thanks to Wellington was moved in the House of Lords, after the battle of Salamanca, Lord Somers said, "He could tell their Lordships that while his great mind seemed to be wholly taken up with the important cares of his situation, he bestowed an attention almost inconceivable

upon the comforts and conveniences of those under his command. Whether they were suffering from fatigue, from sickness, or from privations, they were equally the object of his solicitude. For himself, he knew that to a dear relation of his (Major Somers), whose constitution was fast sinking under the severe duties of his station, his parental kindness was such that it preserved a life which else had been yielded soon after the battle of Salamanca; nor prolonged to that period, when he laid it down for his country, in a manner which gave him a melancholy pride in saying his son had so died. In alluding thus particularly to his own relative, he was far from meaning to intimate that this was a single case; Lord Wellington's kindness extended to all alike."

That Wellington was stern and inflexible in the discharge of duty cannot be doubted, as the following anecdote will prove.

During the retreat of the British army at Leria, in Portugal, on the 3rd of October, 1810, when the enemy, under Junot, were

hard pressing the rear of our forces, then retiring on the lines of Torres Vedras, two soldiers, one an English the other a Portuguese, belonging to battalions lately arrived in the vicinity of that city, left their colours, and entered the town for the purpose of pillaging. Upon being discovered, they were brought before Wellington by the Deputy-Adjutant-General and Provost-Marshal. "Who saw these men commit the act?" inquired the Commander of the forces. The Provost-Marshal and another witness replied that they had found the prisoners in the acts of plundering a shop and assaulting a female who was attempting to defend her property; part of the stolen goods were in the possession of the accused. Having satisfied himself as to the guilt of the soldiers, the Duke turned round to the Provost-Marshal, and in that brief expression which ever characterized him, said, "In ten minutes report to me that these two men have been executed." The order was promptly obeyed, and scarcely had the rear-guard of

the English force left Leria, than Junot, at the head of his corps, marched into the town. The first sight that met the attention of the French Marshal were the inanimate bodies of the two culprits, still suspended in the air. An English staff officer, who had remained behind with a flag of truce, to attend to the wounded, was immediately questioned as to the offence for which the soldiers had suffered. "Plundering and violence towards an inhabitant," responded the surgeon. "*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Junot, shrugging his shoulders, "*la discipline Anglaise est bien sévère.*"

CHAPTER XVI.

Wellington's justice—The soldier's friend—His attachment to his personal staff—The warrior Duke.

ALTHOUGH Wellington was, as has been already stated, a strict disciplinarian, he was ever ready to "season justice with mercy," and whenever a prisoner was favourably recommended by the members of the court martial, the culprit's pardon was almost invariably granted; in other instances, after carefully looking into the case, the Duke extended his forgiveness, "in consideration of the good conduct of the regiment to which the culprit belonged," or "of the former character of the prisoner," or "because subsequent to his crime the offender had been released from confinement and had been actually engaged with the enemy," or "from a desire not to execute for deser-

tion a soldier from such a regiment," or "from the conduct of the corps in such a battle," or "from its being the first complaint of misconduct in the battalion to which the prisoner belonged," or "from the thoughtlessness and levity of the offender." Upon one occasion we find the Duke pardoning a prisoner "because he told the truth to the general court martial, and thereby saved his comrades, who were by mistake charged of the offence, of which he had been convicted." Occasionally, Wellington remitted punishments in deference to the court, both of officers and men, but not from "concurring in their opinion," often stating "that he did it much against his own inclination."

In cases of burglary and plunder the Duke repeatedly, in general orders, declared his determination to carry into execution whatever might be the sentence of the court on any soldiers found guilty of such wanton and disgraceful outrage; and whenever a report was made to him that a village had

been plundered, the offending regiment was ordered to have the rolls called every hour, at which all the officers and men were to be present. Nothing can better tend to illustrate the desire of Wellington to treat the authorities with respect and the people with kindness, than the following general order, which he issued, previous to entering the frontiers of France:—

Trureta, 9th July, 1813.

After recommending every military precaution to obtain intelligence, and prevent surprise, the Duke proceeds as follows:—

“ 3. Notwithstanding that these precautions are absolutely necessary, as the country in the front of the army is the enemy's, the Commander of the forces is particularly desirous that the inhabitants should be well treated, and private property must be respected, as it has been hitherto.

“ 4. The officers and soldiers of the army must recollect that their nations are at war with France solely because the Ruler of the

French nation will not allow them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke; and they must know that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal have been occasioned by the irregularities of the soldiers, and their cruelties authorized and encouraged by their chiefs towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country. . . .

“5. To revenge this conduct on the peaceable inhabitants of France, would be unmanly and unworthy of the nations to whom the Commander of the Forces now addresses himself, and at all events would be the occasion of similar and worse evils to the army at large, than those which the enemy’s army have suffered in the Peninsula, and would eventually prove highly injurious to the public interests.”

The Duke was extremely stringent in his remarks, when occasion called for the *fortiter in modo* instead of the *suaviter in re*; for we find in a letter from Colonel Burgh, the

following remark, made by his Grace to some importunate individual, who had preferred a formal complaint against the late Mr. Mackenzie, the Commissioner for British claims on the French government: "From the specimen the Duke of Wellington has received of Mr. ____'s peculiar style of writing to persons filling responsible situations, he is not surprised that Mr. Mackenzie should have given directions that his letters should be returned to Mr. ____ unopened; an example which the Duke proposes to follow." The delicate hint conveyed in the following letter to one of the Royal Dukes, proves that Wellington did not stoop to flatter princes:

Bruxelles, April 24th, 1815.

SIR,

I have had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of the 8th inst., regarding Colonel _____. I have already informed Colonel _____ that it was not in my power to employ him upon the staff. The army is very small, and the

staff very numerous; and I cannot find em-
ployment for those already belonging to it.
I am sorry, therefore, that he should have
given your Royal Highness the trouble of
writing to me on a subject on which he
knows that if I could have gratified him, I
would have done so, without the aid of
your Royal Highness's powerful influence."

I have the honour to be, &c.

WELLINGTON.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of

The following conciliatory reply to an angry application, made by a distinguished officer, to be appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, reflects the greatest credit on the writer, as it evinces the amiable impulses of a good heart, and proves that Wellington harboured no angry or vindictive feeling, even when falsely accused of injustice. The Duke, to adopt his own words, determined "to communicate a piece of his mind" to the imprudent although

gallant soldier, and addressed him in the following terms:

“ Vienna, Feb. 5th, 1815.

* * * * *

“ If you had known these facts, I hope that the same spirit of justice by which I have always been animated would have induced you to spare me the pain of reading the reproaches, and charges of injustice, contained in your letter, and that you would have defended me with the —nd regiment, and would have shown them that the regulation, and not I, deprived you of those marks of honour which they wished to see you obtain.

“ As those facts are in the knowledge of everybody, it is scarcely possible to believe that you were not aware of them; and I attribute the harshness of your letter solely to the irritation which you naturally feel in considering your own case.

“ However, the expression of this irritation, however unjust towards me and unpleasant to my feelings, has not made me forget the

services which you and your brave corps rendered upon every occasion on which you were called upon; and, although I am afraid it is too late, I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State.

“I have the honour to be, &c.

“WELLINGTON.”

There is a frankness and kindness peculiarly attractive in the following extract of a letter to Dr. Renny respecting Captain Renny, which we cannot refrain from laying before the reader.

“I can promise nothing, therefore, excepting that I will not forget your wishes any more than the obligations I owed you on my private account, as well as on that of the public, when I was in office in Ireland.”

We could select a variety of unpublished letters, some in our own possession, to prove the simplicity, good nature, moderation, and justice of the Duke, but shall confine our-

selves to the above, knowing full well that the personal character of Wellington is now fully appreciated by his countrymen.

The Duke was extremely attached to those of his personal staff who had gone through the deprivations, difficulties, and dangers of the Peninsula campaign (I select this period from a desire of not appearing egotistical); and certainly those who composed it were, generally speaking, young men of active habits and good constitutions, possessing courage, judgment, quickness, and decision. The staff consisted of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, another gallant Plantagenet his nephew, the Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester; the Earl of March, the present Duke of Richmond; Lords George Lennox and William Russell; the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, Harry Percy, and Gordon; Colin Campbell, Canning, and last, not least, the Prince of Orange.* The

* Since writing the above, the princely Orange, the late King of Holland, has been gathered to his ancestors. Many a page might be filled, showing the mutability of

hunting-field in England had made most of the staff fully competent for a not very unimportant part of their duty, that of conveying orders to distant posts, and which, in a wild mountainous country, was no easy task.

It was a surprise that the French officers could not get over, when they saw the stripplings that attended the British Commander-in-Chief: for in their army few under the rank of full colonels were attached to the Emperor or his generals. And yet these young soldiers did their duty in the most

human affairs in the person of his majesty, and the vicissitudes which attended his destiny would furnish a practical illustration of the fallacy of the brightest prospects in the dawn of life; his premature death in the prime of manhood closing a career chequered with disappointment—firstly, in finding himself supplanted in the affections of his ladye-love, “the fair-hair’d daughter of the Isles;” and secondly, by the loss of a portion of his dominions by the same successful rival, the present King of the Netherlands. But we will not dwell more upon the history of the illustrious dead; suffice it to say, the late king was a brave soldier, as his services in the Peninsula and Waterloo campaign gave ample witness.

meritorious manner, so as to gain the thanks and confidence of their warrior chief. To the "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," and whose ideas of hardships are very like those of the young guardsman, who said, or rather is reported to have said, "he could manage to rough it on beef-steaks and port wine," we must point out that the duty of an *aid-de-camp* of Wellington's, although one of the highest honour, was not quite the bed of roses many suppose it to have been. Fancy a long ride of some fifteen leagues, under a broiling sun, or the pelting pitiless storm, over a wild mountainous tract, or through plains intersected with rivers and ditches; a straggler from the enemy's ranks, deserter from your own, or pilfering peasant of the country, looking out to enrich himself by quietly shooting you through the head. You reach the place of your destination, deliver your despatches, devote the half hour your chief has allotted you to rest and refreshment, and retrace your steps to head-quarters.

The next morning the note of preparation is heard, an action is anticipated; the eagle eye of Wellington burns with unusual fire, some deed is to be done before sunset. Before noon, you are in the midst of it; you are ordered to the right of the line to bring up a regiment to support another nearly overwhelmed by the superior force of the enemy. You gallop along the ensanguined field, strewed with the wounded and the dead, the bullets are whistling about you; you reach the commanding officer, deliver to him the brief order of Wellington, written with pencil in his own hand, and torn from his memorandum book, and then hasten to return to your chief. A few straggling dragoons of the enemy, having left their main body, recognise you by your dress to be a staff officer, they wheel round, and make a dash at you; your trusty steed answers to your touch, and away you go, like Mazeppa's wild horse, "upon the pinions of the wind:" at one time the unevenness of the ground gives them a chance

but, on a level your charger, formerly a high-mettled racer, leaves them far behind, to anathematize you in no very measured terms. The day is over, our arms are crowned with victory; but even then what thoughts come over you! It is true you are saved, but many of your dearest and best friends have fallen. The reflection is mournful, and nothing but the excitement of the time could keep up your sinking spirits. In the depth of the night, when lying on your straw pallet, exposed, perhaps, to the inclemencies of the weather, to the heavy bursts of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, the loud claps of thunder, the furious gusts of wind, the thoughts of "home" and those dear to us will come over the mind of the bravest, and fill it with reflections, easier to be understood than depicted. To give an instance of the promptness and fidelity, in which the duty of the aids-de-camp was carried on, I will quote an anecdote which, among many others, occurs to me. Upon one occasion,

during an action, Lord March was sent with an order to one of the most gallant regiments in the service, the Royal Fusiliers, who were suffering greatly from the enemy's fire. Just as he reached this distinguished corps, he observed that some of our guns had ceased firing. Passing the artillery officer, he mentioned the object of his mission, and suggested that if he would only continue to pour some grape into the enemy's cavalry, the Fusiliers would get rid of a formidable opponent.

"Enemy's cavalry!" said the artillery officer: "they are of the German Legion."

"You are wrong," replied our young aide-de-camp, "I am confident they are French. Remember, I have no orders for you to fire, but if you ceased, under the impression that they were friends, not foes, I advise you again to blaze away."

In a second the artillery officer took the hint, and again "opened the ball" in a way that made the French take to their horses' heels. When this was mentioned to

Wellington, he applauded the judgment and energy of his young aid-de-camp.

Although Wellington fully appreciated, and was always ready to reward heroic deeds, he was ever averse to acts of recklessness, by which the lives of brave men were placed in jeopardy. I remember, upon one occasion, an enthusiastic guest at his table, vividly describing the daring conduct of a young French cavalry officer at Waterloo. "He was about to charge a body of the Guards," said the narrator, "previous to their taking possession of Hougoumont. Before, however, he could carry out the orders he had received, his adversaries had gained their stronghold, and had loop-holed the walls. Disappointed at this unexpected movement, the dashing light dragoon, sword in hand, galloped forward to within a few feet of the building, challenging the occupants to come forth to single combat. Many a musket was levelled at him; but, to the honour of the British soldier be it stated, not a trigger was pulled. After many un-

successful attempts to provoke a trial at arms, the gallant knight retired and joined his regiment, crestfallen at the failure of his enterprise."

"A rash act," responded the Duke; "he ought to have been broke for it." And no doubt he would have been severely reprimanded by Napoleon, who, equally with the Duke, censured any foolish or useless enterprise. A variety of instances occur to us; the French General-in-Chief's bitter reproach to General Lannes, for having uselessly exposed himself, and sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men; his peremptory order to his aid-de-camp, Croisier, to come down from the battery at St. Jean D'Acre, where he was needlessly provoking the enemy's shots; and his rebuke to Bourrienne, when the siege was raised: "Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not have noticed you in the bulletin; you would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Wellington truly merited the title of the

soldier's friend; and never did he prove himself more worthy of this appellation than when he came manfully forward in the House of Lords to vindicate the conduct of the 62nd regiment, who had been charged with misconduct in the face of the enemy during the campaign on the Sutlej. "It is not generally known, my lords," said the great warrior, "but I know it, that the fortified position which has been referred to was closed in by intrenchments, and that it ought to be called a fortress in place of a fortified position. Notwithstanding also the advantage which troops in India generally possess of having water carried for every company, these troops laboured under the singular disadvantage of being deprived of water for nearly twenty-four hours, in consequence of the persons who were employed to get water not being able to procure it, and the troops had not even that refreshment. Under these circumstances it was that the troops carried this position, not certainly without great loss, but a loss

which I hope has not left them in a state otherwise than efficient, if their services should be required on a different occasion. I really must say, that I have not for a length of time heard of an action that has given me such unqualified satisfaction, *except in one particular, for I have read with pain of one regiment to which the word 'panic' was attached.*

"I have thought it my duty to inquire into the circumstances attending that regiment, and I find that it lost *five-twelfths* of its number in the engagement, and an immense number of officers. I have seen an account which states that in the first quarter of an hour from the moment when the regiment was first engaged, one-third of its officers fell. I cannot question the accuracy of that report of the operations, made by a general officer (Sir John Littler), but I wish that this officer, when he sat down to prepare an elaborate report of the conduct of the troops under his command, had referred to the number of killed and wounded, and

had inquired what loss the regiment had sustained. If he had inquired, I believe he would have found that when this regiment was compelled to pause, the men were actually mowed down by the severity of the fire under which they had advanced. I have inquired further into the case of that regiment, and I find that it has been sixteen years in the East Indies, and that in the course of the last forty years it has served thirty-three years of that period abroad, passing only seven years in the United Kingdom. I find also that in the course of the sixteen years which that regiment has served in the East Indies, it has been in all parts of India, and its ranks have been in fact recruited twice over, and at this moment I find, that of the men who made the attack and suffered the loss, three-fourths of them have not been seven years in the service. I will not detain your Lordships longer, but seeing that word 'PANIC,' I thought it my duty to inquire into all the circumstances connected with this regiment, and I have

found a most extraordinary report of their good conduct made by the same general officer on a former occasion."

But to fly from further digression.

In the brief sketch which I have given of my recollections of the Duke's social character, I have confined myself to that period of his career, during which I had the good fortune to form one of his personal staff. The life of Wellington is too closely interwoven with the history of the last fifty-six years to be made the subject of a narrative like the present; I have therefore carefully abstained from referring to the active zeal he displayed in the disastrous war in Flanders; to his vigorous services when in command of Seringapatam; to his victorious deeds in the Deccan, where, in the lines of the Roman historian, it may be truly said,—

“Gentes locis tutissimas, aditu difficilimas, numeris frequentes, feritate truces, majore periculo quam damno Romani exercitūs, plurimo cum earum sanguine perdomuit.”

“ He subdued with greater danger than loss of the Roman army, natives, most safe in position, most difficult of access, and cruel in ferocity.”

Nor have I alluded to his distinguished exertions at Copenhagen; to the military triumphs which his valour achieved upon the banks of the Douro, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Garonne; or to the transcendent glories of Waterloo, during which campaigns he emulated the example of the above-mentioned conqueror, — “ *Sine ullo detimento commissi exercitās, quod prae-cipue huic duci semper cura fuit.* ”

To dwell, however, on the warlike deeds of Wellington would be superfluous,—

“ *Aude
Cæsaris invicti res dicere;* ”

nevertheless, I cannot refrain from referring to those which came under my own observation. Nothing could exceed the indefatigable zeal, the unexampled promptitude, the skilful discrimination, with which Wellington made his preparations for the field, when,

in 1815, an appeal to arms was decided upon by the allied powers, with the determination of annihilating for ever the common foe of Europe. The exertions of the Duke were quickly responded to in England, as the following extracts, from a work we have already been indebted to, will prove. Siborne, in his "History of the War," remarks—

"At the moment of the landing of Napoleon on the French shore, the only force in the Netherlands consisted, in addition to the native troops, of a weak Anglo-Hanoverian corps, under the command of His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange; but the zeal, energy, and activity displayed by the government of Great Britain, in engrafting upon this nucleus a powerful army, amounting, at the commencement of hostilities, to about 100,000 combatants, notwithstanding the impediments and delays occasioned by the absence of a considerable portion of its troops in America, were truly surprising. At the same time, the extra-

ordinary supply of subsidies furnished by the British Parliament, without which not one of the armies of the Allied Sovereigns could have commenced operations, and by means of which England thus became the great lever whereby the whole of Europe was set in motion towards the attainment of the one common object, was admirably illustrative of the bold, decided, and straightforward policy of the most determined, the most indefatigable, and the most consistent enemy of Napoleon."

No individual could have been selected with higher qualifications to take the command of the army in Belgium than the great Duke. The confidence placed in him by his soldiers,—his cool resolution,—his cautious proceedings,—his unshaken courage,—his unexampled presence of mind,—his unparalleled quickness in detecting every movement of the enemy,—his readiness to avail himself of any error of his opponents,—his rapidity of attack—had pointed him out as the man best calculated to enter the

lists with the next greatest captain of that or any other day. In the commander of the Prussian army, Wellington found an able coadjutor in the veteran Blucher von Wahlstadt, or, as he was called in his own country, from his high-spirited and dashing bravery, *Marschall Vorwärts*.

“Formidable as was the attitude assumed by the Allies towards France, and imposing as was their array of armies assembling upon her frontier, they nevertheless found their great antagonist prepared, on learning that they had determined on an irrevocable appeal to the sword, to throw away the scabbard. He assumed a bold and resolute posture of defence—armed at all points, and prepared, at all hazards, either to ward off the blows of his adversaries, or to become himself the assailant. The indefatigable exertions of Napoleon in restoring the empire to its former strength and grandeur, were really astonishing; and never, perhaps, in the whole course of the extraordinary career of that extraordinary man, did the

powerful energies of his comprehensive mind shine forth with greater brilliancy and effect, than in his truly wonderful and incredibly rapid development of the national resources of France, on this momentous occasion."

"The general aspect of France at that moment was singularly warlike. It was that of a whole nation buckling on its armour: over the entire country armed bodies were to be seen in motion towards their several points of destination: everywhere the new levies for the line, and the newly enrolled national guards were in an unremitting course of drill and organization: the greatest activity was maintained day and night, in all the arsenals, and in all the manufactories of clothing and articles of equipment: crowds of workmen were constantly employed in the repair of the numerous fortresses, and in the erection of entrenched works. Everywhere appeared a continued transport of artillery, waggons, arms, ammunition, and all the material of

war; whilst upon every road forming an approach to any of the main points of assembly in the vicinity of the frontiers, might be seen those well-formed veteran bands, Napoleon's followers through many a bloody field, moving forth with all the order, and with all the elasticity of spirit, inspired by the full confidence of a renewed career of victory—rejoicing in the display of those standards which so proudly recalled the most glorious fields that France had ever won, and testifying by their acclamations their enthusiastic devotion to the cause of their Emperor, which was ever cherished by them as identified with that of their country."

The enthusiasm of the French army to the chief of their choice knew no bounds—he was the idol of their devotion. The old campaigners excited the ardour of many a youthful aspirant for fame—and all were burning to recover that glory, the lustre of which had been partially dimmed.

Every preparation for the commencement

of hostilities was shortly made by the French Emperor; and, perilous as was the undertaking against a force greatly superior in numbers, no alternative was left him. It is true that a delay of a few weeks would have secured Napoleon an accession of available troops; but, on the other hand, it would have enabled the armies of the confederated sovereigns to have made a combined movement on the capital, and would have thus frustrated the greatest aim of the Emperor.

To return to Wellington. Many erroneous statements have gone forward to the public, to the effect that the Duke was taken by surprise at the commencement of the ever-memorable campaign; but they are not borne out by facts, as the following authority will prove.

“ It was about five o’clock in the afternoon of the 15th that the Duke of Wellington, while at dinner, received information of the advance of the French army. The Duke was fully prepared for this intel-

ligence, though uncertain how soon it might arrive. The reports which had been made to him from the outposts of his own army, especially from those of the 1st hussars of the King's German legion, stationed in the vicinity of Mons and Tournai, gave sufficient indication that the enemy was concentrating his forces."

"The Duke at once gave orders for the whole of his troops to hold themselves in immediate readiness to march. At the same time an express was despatched to Major-General Dörnberg, who had been posted in observation at Mons, requiring information concerning any movement that might have been made on the part of the enemy in that direction."

Although it was the policy of Wellington to make no movement until he was aware at what point his army would be attacked, he was quite prepared for any contingency that might arise; and those who consider the allied commanders *out-generalized* by Napoleon are carried away by prejudice, to the detriment of two brave soldiers.

“With the early dawn of the 16th of June, the whole of the Duke of Wellington’s forces were in movement towards Nivelles and Quatre-Bras. Previously to starting from Brussels for the latter point, his Grace despatched an order for the movement of the cavalry and of Clinton’s British division upon Braine-le-Comte, as also of the troops under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, consisting of Stedmann’s Dutch-Belgian division, and of Anthing’s Dutch-Belgian (Indian) brigade, from Sotteghem to Enghien, after leaving 500 men, as before directed, in Audenarde. Picton’s division quitted Brussels by the Charleroi road about two o’clock in the morning; and the Duke of Brunswick’s corps somewhat later. Kruse’s Nassau brigade received orders to follow along the same road, but having been dispersed in extended cantonments between Brussels and Louvain, it required some considerable time to collect together, and did not therefore reach Quatre-Bras sufficiently early to take part in the action.”

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on the 16th of June, Wellington arrived in person at Quatre Bras, and then proceeded to the head-quarters of the Prussian army, for the purpose of holding a conference with Blucher. His Grace did not return to the scene of action until a little after two, during which period the troops under the Prince of Orange were compelled, by a preponderance of force, to withdraw from the wood of Bossu, although they still retained the important post of Gémioncourt. The Duke's life upon this occasion was placed in imminent peril, by the disorder of the 3rd Dutch-Belgian light cavalry brigade, who, being defeated by Piré's cavalry, came in contact with his Grace, carrying him along with them to the rear of Quatre-Bras. Later too in the day, Wellington was very nearly overtaken by the *chasseurs à cheval* of the above division; and, being obliged to gallop towards the 92nd Highlanders, he ordered the nearest men to lie down in the ditch, when he fairly leapt over them. In

the *mêlée* that took place in the farm-yard, when some daring French dragoons, finding they had proceeded too far to retire in the direction they had advanced, suddenly wheeled round, and charged the grenadier company of the Highlanders, the Duke, who had stationed himself in the rear of the regiment, was again in danger, an officer of the *chasseurs à cheval* having actually reached the spot where his Grace stood. Some of the men immediately turned round and fired, and the gallant officer fell, severely wounded. The result of the day proves that Wellington's plans for meeting every emergency were highly successful.

On the morning of the 17th, Wellington, who had slept at Genappe, arrived at Quatre-Bras, where his army had bivouacked the night before, and having decided on retrograding his forces to the position in front of Waterloo, issued his orders for the movement of his distant troops, as also for the retreat of those present in the field; he then, after perusing some despatches from Eng-

land, which had just been brought him, laid himself down on the ground, covered his head with one of the newspapers he had been reading, and appeared to fall asleep.

After some little time, he rose, and mounted his horse, and then, in conjunction with the Earl of Uxbridge (the present Marquess of Anglesey), commander of the Anglo-allied cavalry, carried out that retreat, which will ever reflect the highest honour upon those that conducted it. Nothing could exceed the judicious dispositions made by Lord Uxbridge in covering the army with the cavalry, horse artillery, and a few light battalions placed at his disposal, the movements partaking more of a field day in the time of peace, than an operation executed in the presence of a powerful enemy.

We approach the 18th of June; and if, as Napoleon says, "victories are determined by deeds and their consequences," unquestionably the crowning conquest of Waterloo must ever rank as the most brilliant achieve-

ment of modern history. Judging it upon its own merits, it places Britain's hero on the highest pinnacle of military fame, as one possessing extraordinary foresight, prompt decision, perfect knowledge of his opponent's designs, unflinching determination, and undaunted bravery.

The Duke evinced a generous spirit towards his allies, for, although unquestionably, the glorious result of the day may be fairly attributed to Wellington, he was not unmindful of the important aid he had derived from the force under Blucher; and in writing his despatch descriptive of the battle, after stating that his own army, "never upon any occasion, conducted itself better," he proceeded to acknowledge in the following gratifying strain, the services of the Prussians. "I should not," he said, "do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The

operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded."

Wellington was not slow to carry on the advantage he had gained. He crossed the French frontier on the 20th, detached a force on the 24th, under Colville, to attack Cambray, and, on the 26th, gave orders for a similar one upon Peronne. The order given upon the latter occasion was truly characteristic of the Duke. Major-General Sir John Byng, who commanded the 1st corps, having heard, on passing through the village of Vermand, that his Grace was there, waited upon him. "You are the very person I wish to see," said the Duke; "I want you to take Peronne. A brigade of guards, and a Dutch-Belgian brigade are

at your disposal. I shall be there almost as soon as yourself." Byng having given the necessary orders for Maitland's brigade, and a Dutch-Belgian brigade of Chassé's division, attached to his corps, to proceed on this duty, the former was immediately put in motion. The Duke, on reaching Peronne, just as these troops arrived there, summoned the garrison, and then proceeded, in person, to reconnoitre that fortress; and perceiving the possibility of taking it by storm, gave orders to prepare for an assault. His Grace then directed the attack to be made upon the horn-work which covers the suburb on the left of the Somme. Lieut.-Colonel Lord Saltoun immediately led on the light troops of Maitland's brigade, stormed, and carried the outwork, with but little loss; on observing which, the Duke, being satisfied the place would prove an easy capture, returned to his head-quarters.

On the 25th of June, Blucher received a letter addressed to the allied commanders,

by the commissioners sent from the two Chambers of the French Parliament, in which they communicated the fact of Napoleon's abdication, and of the elevation of his son to the throne. To this the veteran warrior sent a verbal reply that, upon reaching Paris, he would suspend hostilities, provided Bonaparte was given up to him, and certain fortresses delivered up as guarantees of their faith—provided always that the Duke of Wellington assented. The Duke's answer to the letter of the French commissioners, which Blucher had forwarded him, ran as follows:—

“Head Quarters, 26th June, 1815,
“ 10 P.M.

“As Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has only at this moment returned to his quarters, he has only now received from Marshal Prince Blücher the letter of their Excellencies, and which their Excellencies had sent to the Prussian outposts.

“When the Field Marshal last heard

“ The Field Marshal begs their Excellencies will receive the assurance of his high consideration.

“ WELLINGTON.”*

Previous to the attack made by Bulow upon Aubervilliers on the night of the 29th, Blucher was joined by Wellington, when both commanders agreed not to suspend their operations until Bonaparte was delivered up to them. Another attempt was made to bring about an armistice by Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, who addressed the following letter to both Wellington and Blucher.

“ Head Quarters, La Villette,
“ June 30th, 1815.

“ MY LORD,

“ Your hostile movements continue, although, according to the declarations of the Allied Sovereigns, the motives of the war which they make upon us no longer

* Despatches, vol. xii. p. 512.

exist, since the Emperor Napoleon has abdicated.

“ At the moment when blood is again on the point of flowing, I receive from Marshal the Duke of Albufera a telegraphic dispatch, of which I transmit you a copy. My Lord, I guarantee this armistice on my honour. All the reasons you might have had to continue hostilities are destroyed, because you can have no other instruction from your government, than that which the Austrian generals had from theirs.

“ I make the formal demand to your Excellency of ceasing all hostilities, and of our proceeding to agree to an armistice, according to the decision of congress. I cannot believe, my Lord, that my request will be ineffectual; you will take upon yourself a great responsibility in the eyes of your fellow-countrymen.

“ No other motive but that of putting an end to the effusion of blood, and the interests of my country, has dictated this letter.

“If I present myself on the field of battle, with the idea of your talents, I shall carry the conviction of there combating for the most sacred of causes—that of the defence and independence of my country; and, whatever may be the result, I shall merit your esteem.

“Accept, &c.

“THE MARSHAL PRINCE OF ECKMUHL,
“Minister at War.”

To this the Duke of Wellington replied in the following terms:—

“Head Quarters, July 1, 1815.
“10 A. M.

“MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,

“I have just received your Excellency’s letter of the 30th June, in which your Excellency communicates to me the intelligence you have received of an armistice having been concluded by General Frimont with Marshal the Duke of Albufera.

"I have already made known, in writing, to the French commissioners sent to the Allied powers, and verbally, to the commissioners sent to me, the reasons which have prevented me from suspending my operations; which reasons, I have cause to believe are fully adopted by the Allies of my Sovereign, and of those whose armies I have the honour of commanding.

"I have every wish to prevent the further effusion of the blood of the brave troops under my command; but it must be upon the conditions which shall secure the re-establishment and the stability of the general peace.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

Blucher's answer is truly characteristic, and shows the contempt he felt for the Marshal, under whose government of Hamburg the greatest excesses had been committed upon his own countrymen.

TO THE FRENCH GENERAL DAVOUST.*

“Head Quarters, July 1, 1815.

“MARSHAL,

“It is not conformable to truth that, because Napoleon has abdicated the throne, there exists no further motive for war between the Allied powers and France. His abdication is conditional; that is, in favour of his son: but a decree of the Allied powers excludes not only Napoleon, but every member of his family, from the throne.

“If General Frimont has considered himself authorised to conclude an armistice with your general opposed to him, that is no motive for us to do the same. We shall pursue our victory. God has given us strength and resolution to do so. Beware, Marshal, of what you do; and forbear devoting another city to destruction; for you know what liberties the exasperated soldiers would take, should your capital be carried by storm. Do you solicit the male-

* The original letter was in German.

dictions of Paris, in addition to those of Hamburg?

“ We shall enter Paris to protect the respectable inhabitants against the mob, by whom they are threatened with pillage. An armistice can be made with security nowhere but in Paris. This, our relative position towards your nation, be pleased, Marshal, not to mistake !

“ Let me finally observe to you, Marshal, if you mean to negotiate with us, it is matter of surprise that, in defiance of the law of nations, you detain our officers despatched with letters and orders.

“ In the usual form of conventional civility, I have the honour to be,

“ Marshal,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ BLUCHER.”

Peace was shortly afterwards proclaimed : Can we conclude this brief digression respecting WELLINGTON, in more forcible words,—

“ Europe has not seen such a man since Julius Cæsar.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Extract from Napoleon's Will—Wellington's private career—Conclusion.

In a former chapter we have alluded to Wellington's noble conduct towards his vanquished foe; and although Napoleon carried his hostility against the Duke to the grave, the latter was never known to make a comment upon that celebrated clause in the last will and testament of the exiled Emperor, which has since become a matter of history. The document is dated St. Helena, 24th of April, 1821; and was duly proved in Doctor's Commons. The fifth paragraph of the fourth codicil runs as follows:—

Nous léguons dix-mille francs au sous officier Cantillon qui a essuyé un procès, comme prévenu d'avoir voulu assassiner

Lord Wellington, ce dont il a été déclaré innocent.

Cantillon *avait* autant *de droit* d'assassiner cet oligarque, que celui-ci de m'envoyer pour périr sur le Rocher de Sainte Hélène. Wellington, qui a proposé cette attentat, cherchait à le justifier sur l'intérêt de la Grande Bretagne; Cantillon si vraiment il eût assassiné le lord, se serait couvert, et aurait été justifié par les mêmes motifs, l'intérêt de la France, de se défaire d'un général qui d'ailleurs avoit violé la capitulation de Paris, et par là s'étais rendu responsable du sang des martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, et du crime d'avoir dépouillé les musées contre le texte des traités.*

Some little allowance must be made for the bitter feeling of the captive exile: happily for our hero, history has since recorded the events truthfully, and Wellington stands in the eyes of the world like Bayard of old, "*Sans reproche.*"

* TRANSLATION.—5th Item. We bequeath ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer Cantillon, who has

In his private career, few have exceeded Wellington in kind actions. He was a judicious counsellor, and his advice was ever at the service of his friends. He was guided by extreme caution, wonderful sagacity, and the most discriminating judgment; patient in his inquiries, assiduous in his labours, persevering in weighing and considering every difficulty, with a mind capable of grasping the mightiest, yet never overlooking the most minute matter. Wellington was slow to form a decision, but,

undergone a trial, upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that Oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena. Wellington who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself, by pleading the interest of Great Britain; Cantillon, if he had really assassinated that lord, would have excused himself, and have been justified by the same motives, the interest of France, to get rid of a general, who moreover had violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, and for the crime of having pillaged the Museum, contrary to the text of the treaties.

having once made up his mind, nothing could make him swerve.

His powers of observation were remarkably clear and acute. He read thoughtfully, and his memory was singularly tenacious of facts. In the Senate, his speeches were vigorous and effective.

He was a generous man, in the truest sense of the word, unostentatious and discriminating in his liberality. He loved to encourage talent of every order, and his house was always open to the best and most rising artists of the day.

Wellington was an early riser, simple in his habits, temperate in his diet, and abstemious to the greatest degree; for although he lived at a period when drinking was one of the grossest vices of the day, he was never once known to be guilty of any excess.

He was strictly attentive to his person; neat in his dress, but never appeared in gaudy apparel. Had he worn a tenth part of those well-earned honours which his va-

lorous deeds had gained for him, his breast would have sparkled with brilliants. The badge of the patron saint of England, the ribbon of the Golden Fleece of Spain, and the unpretending silver medal, bearing the inscription of Waterloo, were the only decorations he was usually in the habit of wearing.

He was firmly attached to the institutions of his country, his career being one of patriotic devotion.

Before I finally take leave of the subject of my late lamented chief, I cannot refrain from paying a passing tribute to the memory of one nearly and dearly connected to him; amiable, unaffected, simple-minded, generous, and charitable, the late Duchess ever proved herself a devoted wife, a kind mother, and a warm-hearted friend. She was proud of her husband's glory; and often as she watched over her children in early youth would she tell of the achievements of their sire, of the trophies he had gained, of the battles he had won, offering up a fervent

prayer that they might prove worthy of their heroic race. That aspiration has been realized. The present representative of the noble house has won "golden opinions" from all classes of his countrymen, by granting them the greatest boon he could confer, the privilege of seeing the well-earned honours conferred upon the lamented hero—not the spoils of conquest, but the free offerings of grateful nations—and of contemplating the unpretending apartment in which, to almost his latest hour, Wellington devoted his energies to the public service.

The grave has closed over his honoured remains; an empire mourns his loss; but his memory will remain an imperishable monument enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen, inciting others to aim at like deeds of patriotism; and the name of Wellington will descend to posterity as one "who never advanced but to cover his arms with glory, and who never retreated but to eclipse the very glory of his advance;

whose generous and lofty spirit inspired his troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them that the day of battle was ever the day of victory ! Whose campaigns were sanctified by the cause, were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes ; the chariot-wheels of whose triumphs were followed by no curses ; and who, upon his death-bed, might remember his victories among his good works." Such were the deeds of the conqueror of conquerors, who outwent the expectations of a nation who confided in his strength. Peace to his manes ; or, to adopt the words of the father of our lamented Chief,—

" Rest, warrior, rest, what wonders hast thou done !

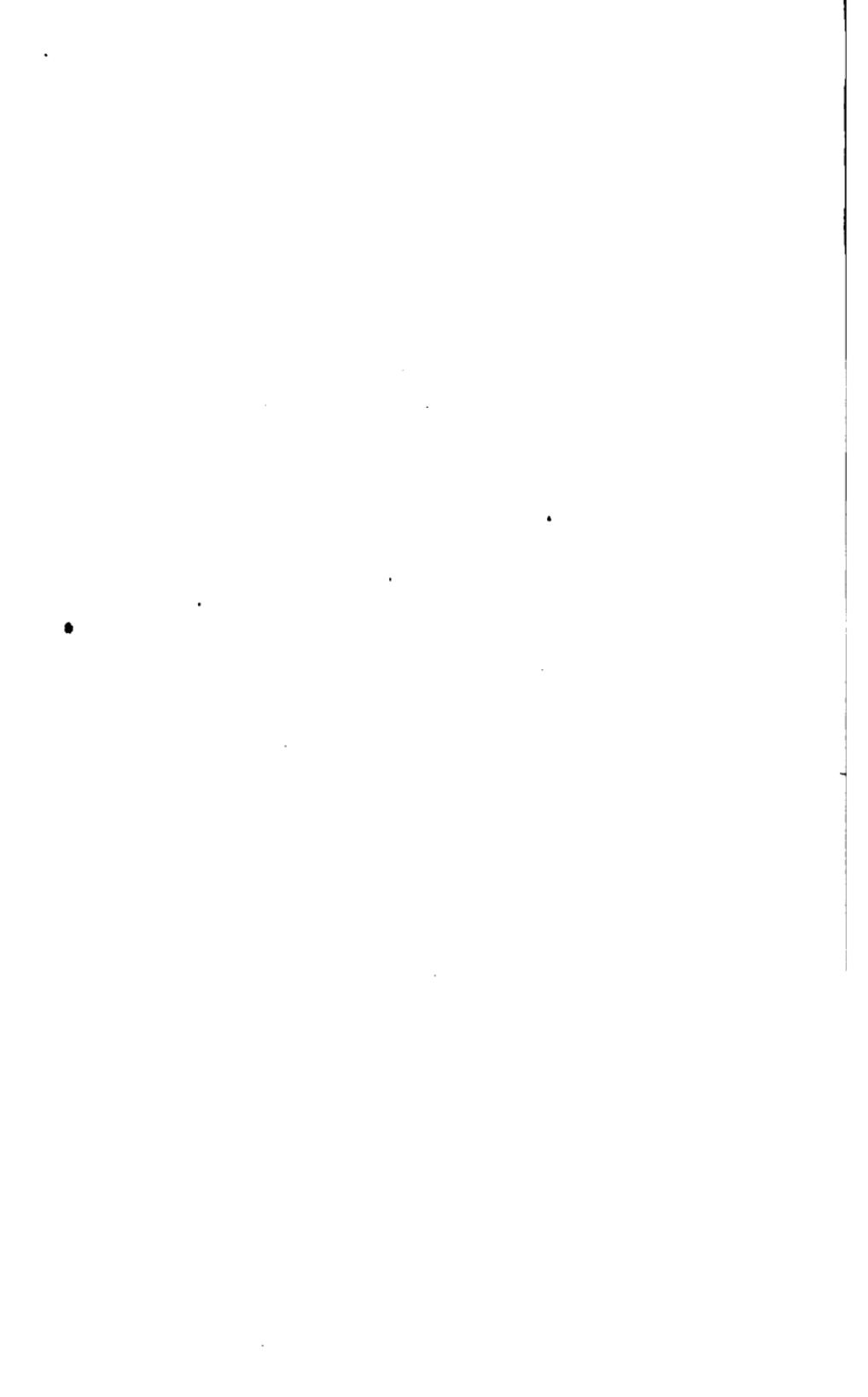
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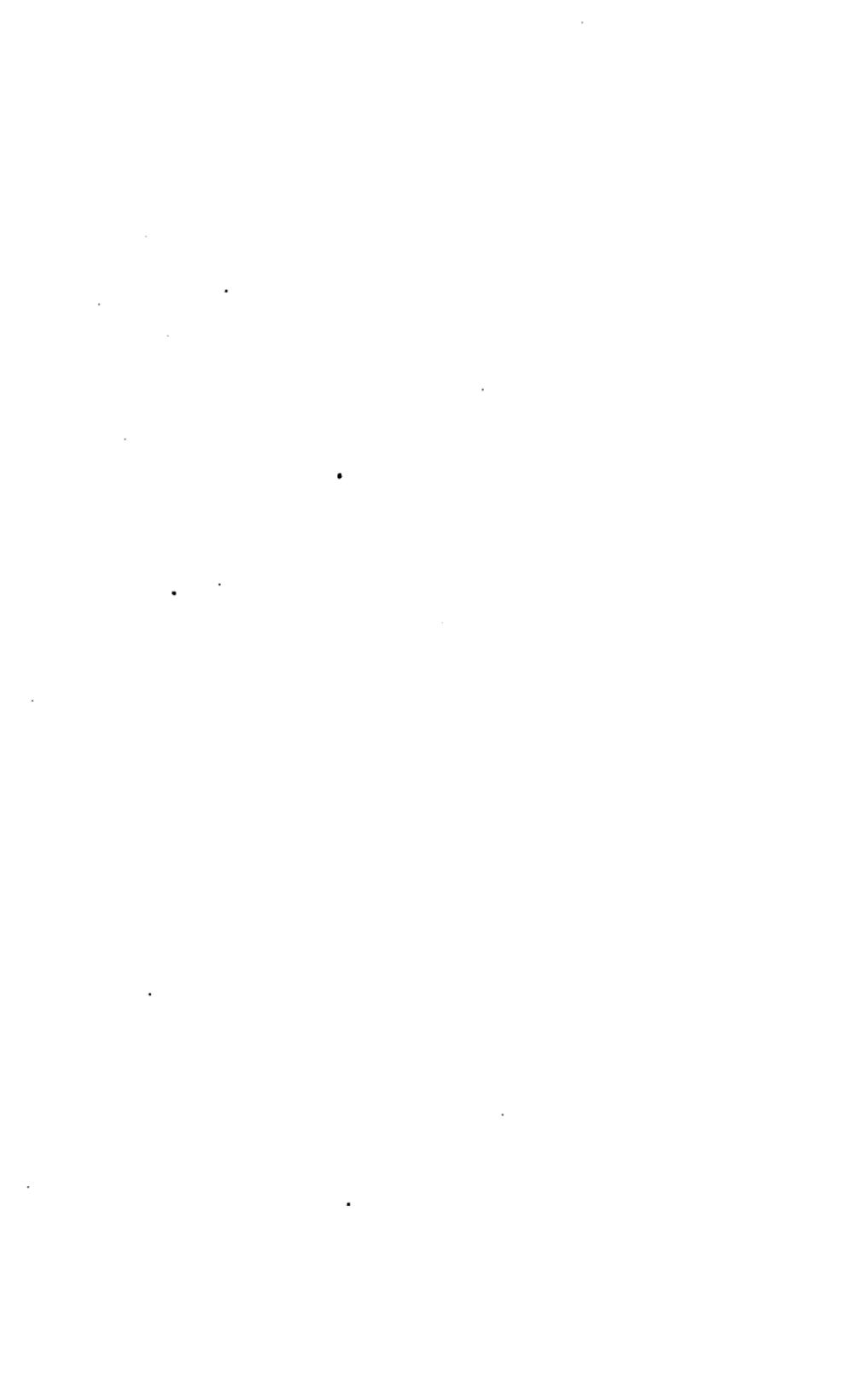
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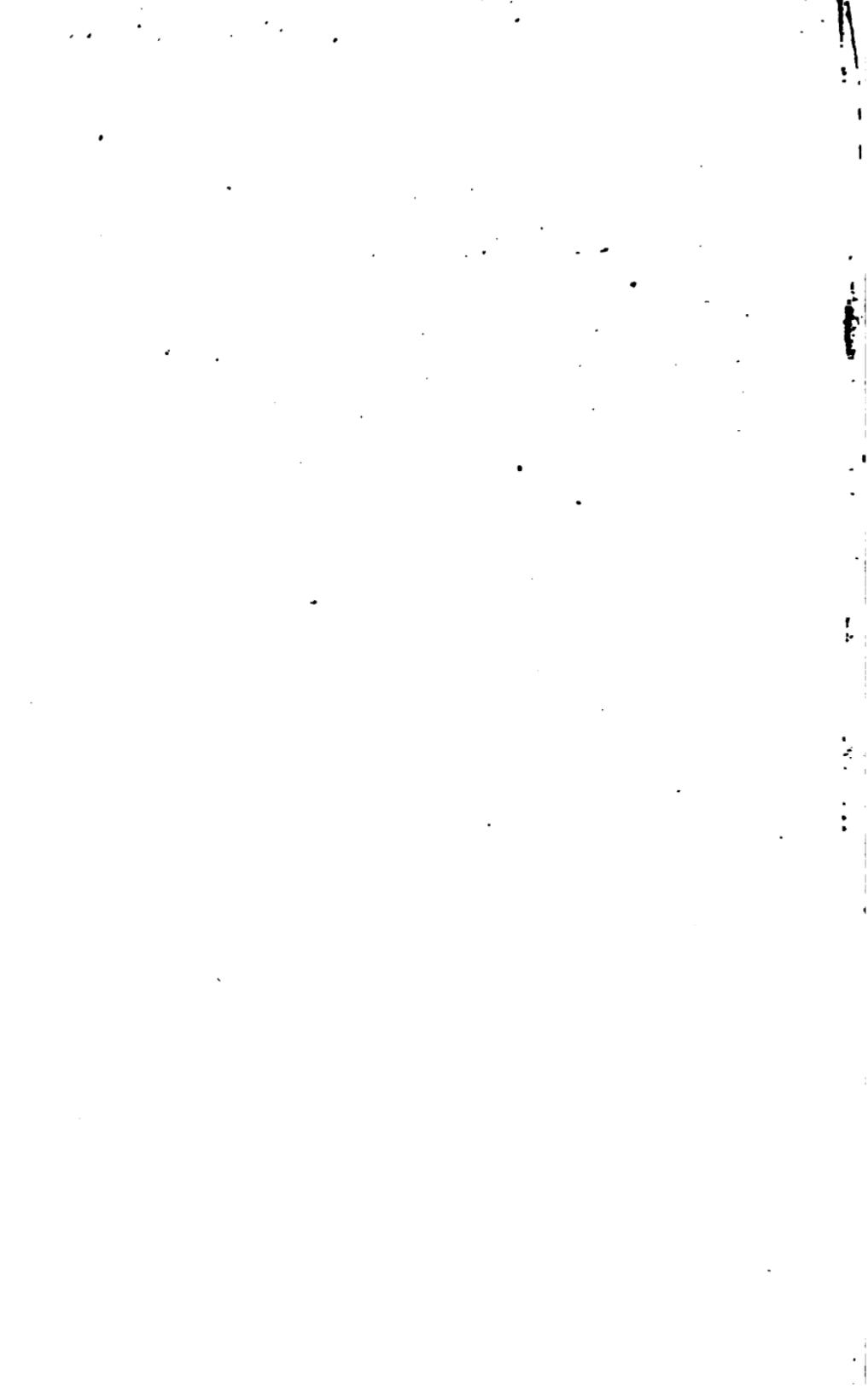
To tell the tale no marble can suffice,
Behold thy history in a nation's eyes!"

FINIS.

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